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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1936.



FIRE AT THE ENGLISH HOLLYWOOD: AMONG THE WRECKAGE AFTER THE DISASTROUS OUTBREAK AT ELSTREE, WHICH RUINED SIX STAGES IN THE BRITISH AND DOMINIONS AND BRITISH INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS.

The fire which broke out in Elstree film studios in the early hours of Sunday, February 9, did enormous damage to the property of the British and Dominions Film Corporation and that of British International Pictures. According to a report on Monday, British and Dominions, apart from other things, lost their three stages, forty dressing-rooms, twenty-four offices, three reception rooms, a converting room, and a wax shaving room; while British International, again apart

from other things, lost three of their nine sound stages, the central recording department, and thirty-six dressing-rooms and offices. About a thousand employees were thrown out of work temporarily; but both companies are now carrying on. Thanks to plucky efforts on the part of members of the staffs, the negatives of certain recently completed pictures, as well as those of some important pictures which are in course of production, were saved; with some valuable equipment.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I REMARKED recently here what a shattering shock it must have been to a number of novelists, artists, and authors devoted to sex emancipation, and all sorts of refined and delicate-minded anarchists among us, to behold afar off the horrid and unearthly spectacle of Stalin, the Bolshevik Dictator, very publicly embracing his mother. I wish we could boast that the electioneering use of a mother was peculiar to repentant Bolsheviks. I fear that party organisers, the most cynical of all cynics, would say that this game has sometimes been played before. I do not put it past the agent, in his rich repertoire of political stories, true and false, to say that some politician carried a mother about with him from platform to platform like a stage property; or possibly an actress carefully disguised as a mother; or an automaton wound up to go through a series of maternal gestures. But the politician, even if he had a clockwork mother, would here be appealing to people who do still believe more in mothers than in clocks. But the Bolshevik has hitherto assumed that clockwork is everything and motherhood is nothing. This was made clear in Mr. Calverton's book on the Bankruptcy of Marriage; if anybody bothers about that in face of the bankruptcy of banks.

But the awful part of it is that Stalin added an announcement that motherhood and domesticity and such superstitions must no longer be neglected. The spectacle of the late Mrs. Carrie Nation weeping among the ruins of the saloons she had destroyed with her little hatchet, might move many to sympathetic tears, if some to unsympathetic smiles. The moving speech of Oliver Cromwell, from the scaffold in Whitehall, urging that kings should be treated with more tenderness than had lately been the custom, might well arouse among the more rigid of his Ironsides the harsh and horrible noise which is produced by Calvinists laughing. Yet we shall see many such strange things as the intellectuals gradually find out that they are wrong.

That intellectuals almost always are wrong, will be evident everywhere to the wise and good at a glance. The only question is whether they are only wrong-headed, as were most Russian Revolutionists, or also wrong-hearted, as were most Prussian Professors. But the challenging feature of modern Society, and the chief fact of modern history, is not the obvious, simple and self-evident fact that intellectuals are a little wrong in the head; or in that general sense that intellectuals are wrong. It is in this other more strange and startling catastrophe; that intellectuals can actually find out that they are wrong. Or rather, to speak with greater accuracy, they can find out that they were wrong. For however often they find out they are wrong, they always go on being right.

Thus, in the case I named, when the Bolshevik first began to realise that you cannot drive back the whole Polish army at the point of the bayonet, if you invariably hold a political meeting in the middle of the bayonet-thrust — when the Bolshevik, I say, grasped this practical problem of space and time and re-established discipline and degrees of command in the Red Army, he probably continued in the complete conviction that nobody really wants any private property; and that if the peasants were so ignorant as to think they wanted it, they must be given something else they did not

want, to cure them of wanting something they did not really want. Then again, when the same Bolshevik had to surrender to the same peasants, and let them hold their land as if it were their land, because that was the only way they would hold it—at that time, no doubt, the Bolshevik who had begun to recognise property still refused to recognise domesticity; in effect, he haughtily refused to recognise his mother in the street. Now we have reached the third stage; and Stalin and his friends, by a close study of natural history and comparative biology, have come to the

else to do it to and nobody to do it to him, like a human clock winding itself up every morning. I feel sure I should become a very disorganised atheist if I had to live such a lonely life; a hermit who had forsworn God as well as man; an atheist who had forsworn man as well as God. But, however that may be, we may all admit that this sort of good old nineteenth-century materialist, having been heartily welcomed back by his family, need not be tactlessly hurried about his faith. He may still have his little hobby of an Anti-God Museum. In fact, he is the sort of social specimen who looks best in a museum.

But he is not the only specimen in that queer sort of museum of dead unbeliefs; so much more queer than any museum of dead beliefs. The most extraordinary feature of the fashions of recent times, as I have remarked above, is the rapidity with which men have abandoned their beliefs; and then abandoned the abandonment. The most cautious school of Conservatives, as well as the most daring school of Communists, has taken up notions and dropped them, over and over again, even in my lifetime. It is still not realised how vividly zig-zag has been our path of progress, if there was any path of progress. In some cases it may be an exaggeration to say that every revolution is the reversal of the last revolution; but it is much more like the truth than merely saying that a steady improvement goes step by step, or stride by stride. It would be much more true to say that Mr. Aldous Huxley has stoned the ghost of his grandfather, than merely that he has built his sepulchre; much more true to say that Professor Eddington has dethroned Professor Tyndall than that he has merely inherited his throne; much more true to say that the philosophy of Herbert George Wells was specially created to attack the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, than to say that one of those two evolutionists was ever evolved from the other.

For it must always be remembered that this sort of solid scientific sage of recent times was always something of a fanatic. He was never more of a fanatic than when he appeared in the dapper Victorian disguise, with a bald head, grey whiskers, and Gladstone collars, like Herbert Spencer. Herbert Spencer really went as far as he could in the direction of Individualism, just as Karl Marx went as far as he could in the direction of Socialism. He left only the gallant and eccentric Auberon Herbert to go one step further; and practically propose that we should abolish the police; and merely insure ourselves against thieves and assassins, as against fire and accident. The more they are studied, the more modern truth-seekers will appear successful, not so much in finding truth, as in finding that they have found falsehood. Nor is the process such that we should merely sneer at it, though it is sometimes difficult not to laugh at it. We may very well have patience with it, as with the slow con-

version of the Communist to common sense. It is only when intellectuals become intolerantly arrogant that we may remind them that their discoveries have demonstrated the non-existence of their own mares' nests.



THE CLAIMANT TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE WHOSE ARRIVAL IN PARIS WAS SAID TO HAVE DISTURBED THE DIPLOMATIC CONVERSATIONS: THE ARCHDUKE OTTO (ON THE RIGHT) LEAVING A PARIS HOTEL.

The Archduke Otto, travelling incognito, arrived in Paris from Belgium on February 5, and his presence was stated to have had a disturbing effect on the conversations between the French Foreign Minister, M. Flandin, and Prince Starhemberg, the Austrian Vice-Chancellor, regarding the independence of Austria, her possible co-operation with the Little Entente, and the postponement of any scheme for a Monarchist restoration. The Archduke's visit to Paris was said to be against the advice of Prince Starhemberg, who was reported to have sent an emissary to him in Belgium suggesting his temporary withdrawal from politics, as by a leisurely voyage round the world. Prince Starhemberg left Paris for Vienna the same evening (February 5), and a rumour that he had met the Archduke in Paris was denied.

conclusion that fathers and mothers are sometimes useful in the problem of producing families. But, for all I know, Stalin or someone or other of his friends may be still quite unrepentant about the abolition of God, which naturally went along with the abolition of fathers and mothers and all such fables and myths of primitive times. It seems almost too much to ask that a Dictator, who is reconciled to his mother, should then be reconciled to his Maker. It may come in time; but little trifles and finishing touches like that may well be left to the last. For it is the fundamental principle of true Modern Thought to put first things last. I did indeed see a report, in an article by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, that the "cells" of the atheists, those little busy bees, are now mostly empty cells; and one poor sad and solitary propagandist wrote to headquarters saying: "In the whole district there is only one organised atheist—myself." It is pathetic to think of his lonely and monotonous routine; organising himself every day, with nobody



LEADING FIGURES IN THE PARIS TALKS—THE CHIEF RECENT EVENT OF EUROPEAN POLITICS: M. FLANDIN (LEFT), THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, AND PRINCE STARHEMBERG, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF AUSTRIA.

During the first week of February, highly important conversations took place in Paris between M. Flandin and various European rulers and representatives, including the King of Rumania, Prince Paul, Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, and Prince Starhemberg, the Austrian Vice-Chancellor. The main purpose was to bring Austria into the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania) and Bulgaria into the Balkan Entente, thus effecting a Danubian Pact assuring the independence of Austria—a cardinal necessity for the peace of Europe. Yugoslavia being strongly opposed to a monarchical restoration in Austria, it had been hoped that Prince Paul and Prince Starhemberg might meet. Prince Starhemberg, though favouring an ultimate Habsburg restoration, does not desire it in the near future. His ideal is to form a United States of Central Europe. He regards Nazism as fatal to European peace.

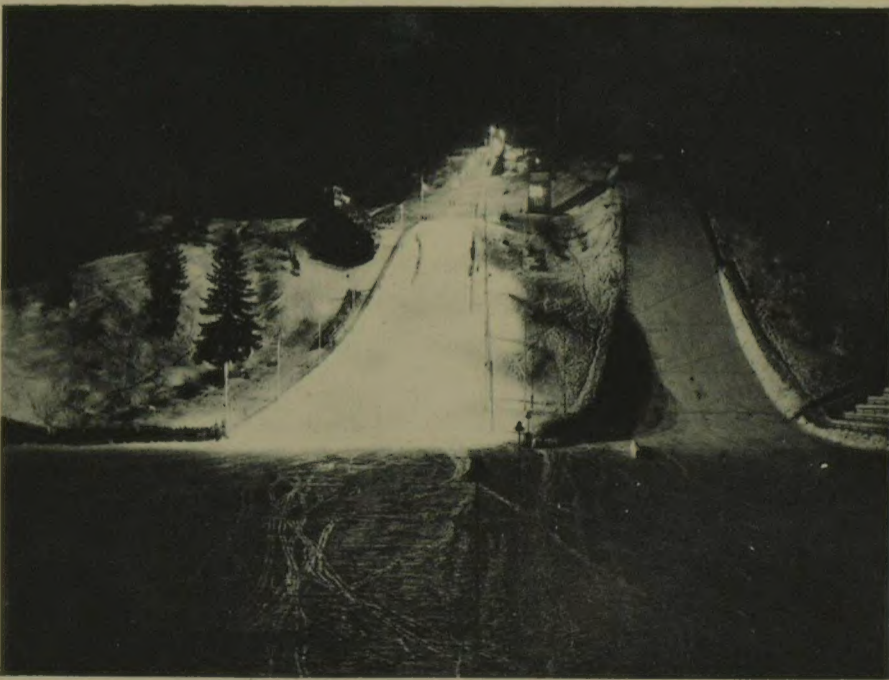
HERR HITLER AND THE OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES : CEREMONIAL AT GARMISCH.



CANADIAN COMPETITORS GIVING THE NAZI SALUTE AS THEY MARCHED PAST HERR HITLER AT THE OPENING OF THE FOURTH WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, BAVARIA.

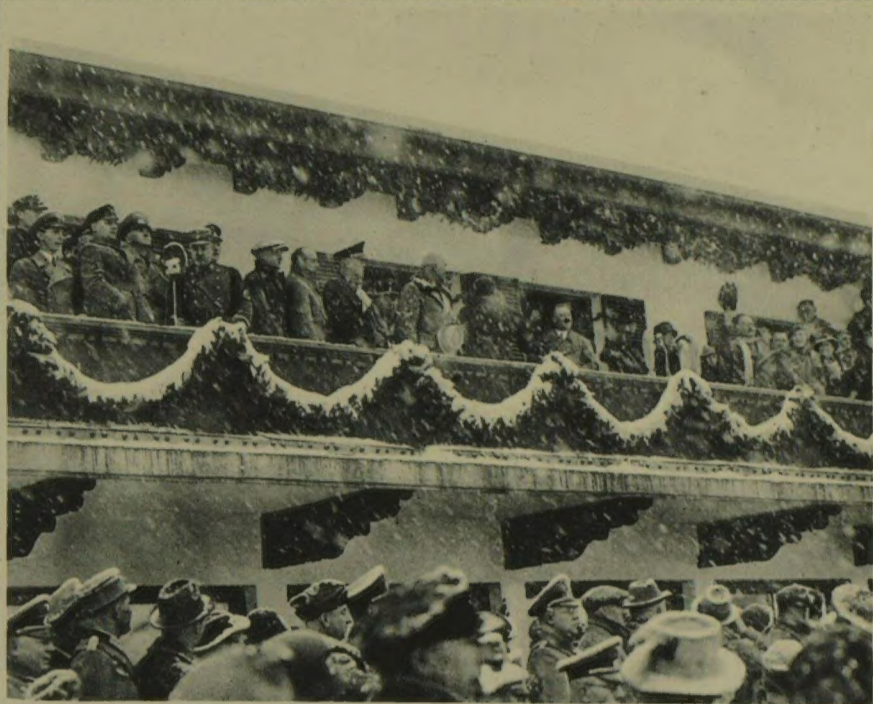


THE NORWEGIAN TEAM, INCLUDING FRÖKEN SONJA HENIE, THE SKATING CHAMPION, DRESSED IN WHITE, AT THE MARCH-PAST: THE TEAM WHICH, IN BIRGER RUUD, PROVIDED THE WINNER OF THE DOWNHILL SKI-ING RACE.



ONE OF THE GREAT OLYMPIC JUMPS ERECTED AT GARMISCH FOR THE WINTER GAMES: A VIEW OF THE BRILLIANTLY LIT COURSE BY NIGHT—THE SCENE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR OF ALL WINTER SPORTS.

The fourth winter Olympic Games were opened by Herr Hitler at the Ski Stadium in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria, on February 6. The total number of spectators was estimated at close on fifty thousand. The heavy snow which fell throughout the ceremony, as it had on the previous day, came just in time to fulfil the hopes of all those concerned in the Games, for, before that, lack of snow had threatened to spoil several of the events. The ceremony began with a march into the enclosure by the twenty-eight national teams competing. According to tradition, Greece came first,



HERR HITLER (CENTRE; ON THE BALCONY OF THE OLYMPIA BUILDING) DECLARING THE WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES OPEN IN THE SKI STADIUM AT GARMISCH: A CEREMONY WHICH TOOK PLACE IN A HEAVY SNOWSTORM.



THE SIGNAL FOR THE OPENING OF THE WINTER GAMES: THE OLYMPIC TORCH, A HUGE BRAZIER OF PITCH, BURNING ON ITS HIGH COLUMN; AND THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY WHICH FIRED A SALUTE.

followed by the nations from Australia to the United States in alphabetical order. Germany, as hosts, brought up the rear. A gun salute was fired as each team passed before Herr Hitler, who stood on the balcony of the Olympia building. The first events to be completed were the Men's and Women's Downhill and Slalom combination ski-ing races. Both were won by Germany, the former by Franz Pfnür, the latter by Fräulein Christl Cranz. Finland, after a great struggle with Norway and Sweden, won the Relay Ski-ing Race by six seconds from Norway.

WITH THE ITALIANS IN NORTH AND SOUTH: BATTLES ON BOTH FRONTS.

قتلتم واحدا من اهل الطيارا اسيرا وقطعتمو راسه خالفتم جميع
القوانين الانسانيه و الدول الذين اثبتو بان الاسرا لهم حرمه
ويثبت لهم الاكرام سيجدون بدلها ماتستحقون

غرز ياني

THE ITALIAN MESSAGE, IN ARABIC, WHICH PRECEDED THE BOMBING OF THE SWEDISH AMBULANCE AT NEGELLI: A DOCUMENT TRANSLATED "YOU HAVE KILLED ONE OF THE AIRMEN WHO WAS A PRISONER AND YOU HAVE CUT OFF HIS HEAD CONTRARY TO ALL HUMANE AND INTERNATIONAL LAWS, WHICH LAY DOWN THAT ALL PRISONERS SHALL BE RESPECTED AND WELL TREATED. IN RETURN THEREOF YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU DESERVE. GRAZIANI."



GENERAL GRAZIANI: THE ITALIAN COMMANDER ON THE SOMALILAND FRONT, RECENTLY VICTOR OVER RAS DESTA'S FORCES NORTH OF DOLO.



ITALIAN LIGHT ARTILLERY AT THE DOGHEA PASS, ON THE ROAD TO MAKALE; SHOWING A STONE FORT WHICH GUARDS THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.



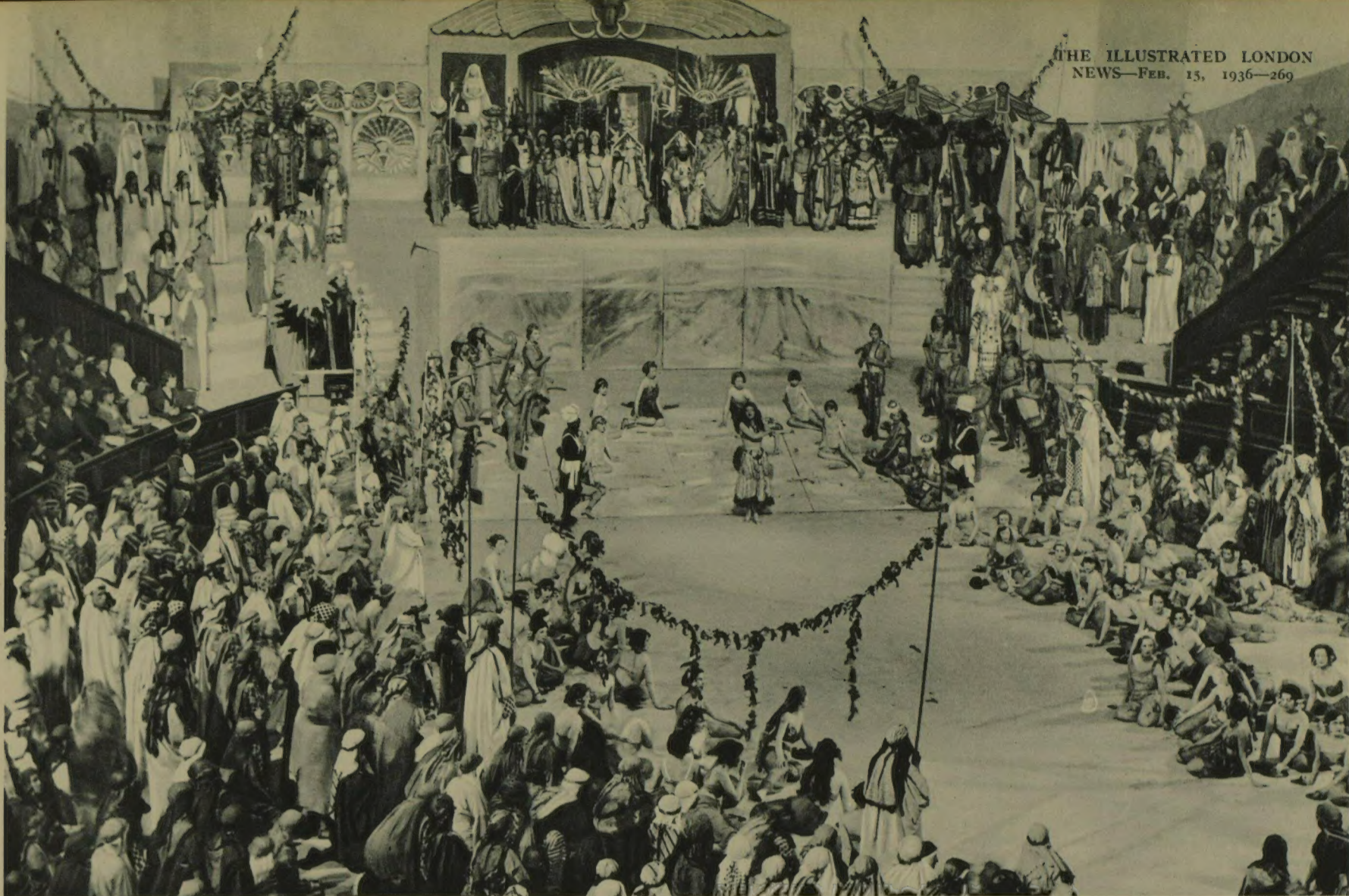
THE BATTLE IN THE TEMBIEN, CLAIMED BY BOTH SIDES AS A VICTORY: ITALIAN LIGHT ARTILLERY IN ACTION DURING THE ATTEMPT TO "CLEAN UP" THE PROVINCE.



ITALIAN MACHINE-GUNNERS IN ACTION ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT: THE SCENE OF GENERAL GRAZIANI'S ADVANCE UP THE GANALE DORYA AND WEB RIVERS IN JANUARY.

The message reproduced in our upper left-hand illustration is one that was dropped from Italian aeroplanes on native villages and troop concentrations in the Ogaden country after the capture and alleged beheading of Sub-Lieutenant Pilot Minniti Tito, who made a forced landing near Daggah Bur in December. The dropping of this message was followed by an increase in the number and intensity of air raids and by the bombing of the Swedish Red Cross unit at Negelli, already illustrated and described in our pages. Since the message was written in Arabic, a tongue which few of the Ogaden people understand, it had little more than academic interest.—In the middle of January an Italian advance was made north and north-westwards

from Dolo, on the Somaliland border, against the forces of Ras Desta. The Italians were victorious and much ground was gained. Ras Desta, however, succeeded in extricating the bulk of his men and in retiring to the Sidamo foot-hills. The direction of the Italian advance puzzled observers, for it seemed that even a success could have little or no strategic importance. The Italian troops advancing from the south on Harrar and Jijiga are now separated from the left flank, which carried out the recent advance, by a vast salient still in Abyssinian hands.—In the north a ten days' battle began in the Tembien on January 21. Both sides claimed victories; but the Italians failed to strengthen their hold on the province.



"COME WITH WINE CUPS AND WITH CYMBALS": A BACCHANALIAN ENTERTAINMENT BEFORE AN ASSEMBLAGE OF POTENTATES AT THE COURT OF AHAB AND JEZEBEL (SEATED ON THRONES IN THE BACKGROUND) TO CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF THEIR IVORY PALACE ("ELIJAH," PART II., EPISODE I).



"THANKS BE TO GOD FOR ALL HIS MERCIES!" ELIJAH, AMID A WORSHIPPING THROG, GIVING THANKS AFTER HIS PRAYERS FOR RAIN HAD BEEN ANSWERED, WHILE AHAB (IN THE BACKGROUND) LOOKS ON—THE SCENE ON MOUNT CARMEL ("ELIJAH," PART I., EPISODE 4).

ORATORIO IN THE FORM OF DRAMA WITH SPECTACULAR EFFECTS: THE MAGNIFICENT PAGEANTRY OF "ELIJAH" AS PRESENTED AT THE ALBERT HALL.

There are many new and striking features in this year's magnificent production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in Mr. T. C. Fairbairn's dramatised pageant version, at the Albert Hall, from February 10 to 22. New scenery and costumes have been designed, and the spectacular effects include volcanic eruptions in the wilderness of Sinai, fire coming down from heaven to consume Elijah's offering, and finally the prophet ascending in a whirlwind. There are a thousand performers, with a full symphony orchestra conducted by Mr. Albert Coates. The whole stage and arena of the Albert Hall are used, with an immense canvas backcloth, and on successive

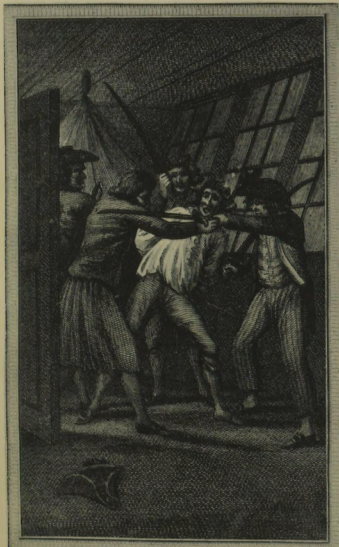
platforms are represented Ahab's palace and Mount Carmel. The part of Elijah is taken, on different dates, by Mr. Harold Williams, Mr. Henry Gill, and Mr. Joseph Farrington; that of Jezebel by Miss Vera de Villiers and once (on February 17) by Miss Marjory Moray; and that of Ahab by Mr. Cuthbert Reavely. Among the principal dancers is Sita Buhari, from Ceylon, who appears as Lucifer, and as an oriental slave in the ballet of Baal at Jezebel's Court. The profits from this charity production will go partly to the National Birthday Trust Fund, for extension of maternity services associated with the campaign for Safer Motherhood.

The great popularity of the film "Mutiny on the Bounty," which recently ended its preliminary run in London, lends special interest at the moment to Captain Bligh's own account of the mutiny, which was compiled after his return home. Here we publish his description of the mutiny itself, which occurred off Tofoa, in the Friendly Islands, on Tuesday, April 28, 1789.

Tuesday the 28th. Just before sun-riding, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master at arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise; I, however, called as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing centinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse, for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, the surgeon, Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below; and the fore hatchway was guarded by centinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, Mr. Samuel, were allowed to come upon deck, where they saw me standing about the mizen-mast with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect: "Hold your tongue, Sir, or you are dead this instant," was constantly repeated to me.

The master, by this time, had sent to request that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin. I continued my endeavours to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian charged the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought to him, and, holding me with a strong gripe by the

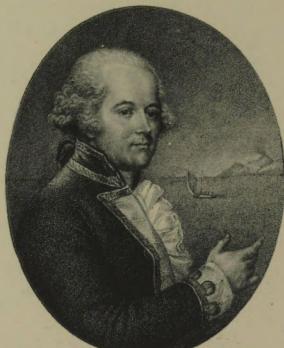


The mutineers seizing Capt. Bligh.

THE MUTINEERS SEIZING CAPTAIN BLIGH: AN ILLUSTRATION IN AN OLD "ACCOUNT OF THE MUTINIOUS SEIZURE OF THE BOUNTY." Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Maggs.

neck that tied my hands, he with many others threatened to kill me immediately, if I would not be quiet: the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular people were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side; whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift: I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and seamen, who were to go in the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas,



CAPTAIN BLIGH: AN ENGRAVING BY J. CONDÉ OF A PORTRAIT PAINTED FROM LIFE BY J. RUSSELL, R.A.

lines, sails, cordage, an eight and twenty gallon cask of water, and Mr. Samuel got 150 lbs. of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, time-keeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

The mutineers having forced those of the seamen whom they meant to get rid of, into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his own crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to effect the recovery of the ship: there was no one to assist me, and every endeavour on my part was answered with threats of death.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one, about the mizen-mast; Christian, armed with a bayonet, holding me by the bandage that secured my hands. The guard round me had their pieces cocked, but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them.

Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw, had an inclination to assist me, and as he fed me with shaddock, (my lips being quite parched) we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return.

The armourer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, McIntosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after

CAPTAIN BLIGH'S OWN ACCOUNT OF A CHAPTER FROM HIS NARRATIVE

I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

It is of no moment for me to recount my endeavours to bring back the offenders to a sense of their duty:



CHARLES LAUGHTON AS THE SCREEN CAPTAIN BLIGH IN THE AMERICAN FILM "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY."

all I could do was by speaking to them in general—but it was to no purpose, for I was kept securely bound, and no one except the guard suffered to come near me.

To Mr. Samuel I am indebted for securing my journals and commission, with some material ship papers. Without these I had nothing to certify what I had done, and my honour and character might have been suspected, without my possessing a proper document to have defended them. All this he did with great resolution, though guarded and strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were numerous; when he was hurried away, with "Damn your eyes, you are well off to get what you have."

It appeared to me, that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter, or his mates; at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool chest.

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole business: some swore "I'll be damned if he does not find his way home, if he gets any thing with him," (meaning me); and, when



CAPTAIN BLIGH IN THE HANDS OF THE MUTINEERS—IN THE FILM VERSION: CHARLES LAUGHTON, AS BLIGH, STANDING BOUND BEFORE BEING CAST ADRIFT WITH EIGHTEEN OTHERS IN THE SHIP'S LAUNCH.

THE MUTINY IN THE "BOUNTY": DESCRIBING THE WHOLE VOYAGE.

the carpenter's chest was carrying away, "Damn my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month." While others laughed at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed



THE CASTING ADRIFT OF BLIGH AND HIS EIGHTEEN LOYAL COMPANIONS: FROM AN OLD AQUATINT IN THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

I asked for arms, but they laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going, and therefore did not want them; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat, after we were veered astern.

The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master arms informed Christian; who then said—"Come, captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance you will instantly be put to death: and, without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also the cutlasses I have already mentioned; and it was then that the armourer and carpenter called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

[Here are given the names of the eighteen men who accompanied Bligh in the launch, and of the twenty-five men who remained on board the "Bounty."]

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards Tofoa, which bore N E about 10 leagues from us. While the ship was in sight she steered to the W N W, but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away—"Huzza for Otaheite," was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Christian, the chief of the mutineers, is of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me, and, as I found it necessary to keep my ship's company at three watches, I had given him an order to take charge of the third, his abilities being thoroughly equal to the task; and by this means the master and gunner were not at watch and counter-watch.

Haywood is also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my particular regard and attention, and I had taken great pains to instruct them, having entertained some hopes, that, as professional men, they would have become a credit to their country.

Young was well recommended, and had the look of an able stout seaman; he, however, fell short of what his appearance promised, and was a very conceited fellow. Stewart was a young man of creditable parents, in the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the

Resolution from the South Sea, in 1780, we received so many civilities, that, on that account only, I should gladly have taken him with me; but, independent of this recommendation, he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character.

Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some signs of remorse in Christian. When they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him, if this treatment was a proper return for the many instances he had received of my friendship? he appeared disturbed at my question, and answered with much emotion,

make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away, especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allotment of dissipation are beyond any thing that can be conceived. The utmost, however, that any commander could have supposed to have happened is, that some of the people would have been tempted to desert. But if it should be asserted, that a commander is to guard against an act of mutiny and piracy in his own ship, more than by the common rules of service, it is as much as to say that he must sleep locked up, and when awake, be girded with pistols. Desertions have happened, more or less, from most of the ships that have been at the Society Islands; but it has always been in the commanders power to make the chiefs return their people: the knowledge, therefore, that it was unsafe to desert, perhaps, first led mine to consider with what ease so small a ship might have access to me on all occasions, the possibility of such a conspiracy being ever the farthest from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of their discontent, which would have put me on my guard; but the case was far otherwise. Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms with; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night, he excused himself from supping with me, on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his integrity and honour.

"That,—captain Bligh,—that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell."

As soon as I had time to reflect, I felt an inward satisfaction, which prevented any depression of spirits: conscious of my integrity, and anxious solicitude for the good of the service in which I had been engaged, I found my mind wonderfully supported, and I began to conceive hopes, notwithstanding so heavy a calamity, that I should one day be able to account to my King and country for the misfortune.—A few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering. I had a ship in the most perfect order, and well stored with every necessary both for service and health; by early attention to those particulars I had, as much as lay in my power, provided against any accident, in case I could not get through Endeavour Straits, as well as against what might befall me in them; add to this, the plants had been successfully preserved in the most flourishing state: so that, upon the whole, the voyage was two thirds completed, and the remaining part, to all appearance, in a very promising way; every person on board being in perfect health, to establish which was ever amongst the principal objects of my attention.

It will very naturally be asked, what could be the reason for such a revolt? in answer to which I can only conjecture, that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheiteans, than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some false connections, most probably occasioned the whole transaction.

The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy



THE CASTING ADRIFT OF BLIGH AND HIS COMPANIONS AS THE FILM DEPICTS IT: A DRAMATIC RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SCENE.

In the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film version of the voyage and mutiny, Charles Laughton takes the part of Captain Bligh. He gives a brilliant character-study of the commander, with emphasis on his overbearing temper and harsh treatment of the crew. The film, which was built for it, in the old aquatint are seen the breadfruit trees which the "Bounty" was to take from Tahiti to the West Indies.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

TWO KINDS OF SHOW.

ON consecutive evenings I recently visited two kinds of show, both fairly termed revue, which stood at the extreme poles of glory and expense. One, at the Westminster Theatre, was performed on a stationary and naked stage; a few "props"—very few—were moved in front of a white and empty background from time to time. The scene changed, so the programme said, from fairest England to darkest Europe. The change was all in our imagination. "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts." So Shakespeare invited his audience to find the tented fields of France within his wooden O. So did the Group Theatre, when presenting "The Dog Beneath the Skin," by W. H. Auden and C. Isherwood, invite us to observe an English hospital or European asylum with fancy to do the work of canvas and of paint.

Now, while Shakespeare was producing his greatest work on the bare and open platform of the only half-roofed Globe Theatre, they were producing in his London other shows of great state and cost, scenically elaborate, gorgeously robed. These were the Court Masques, which, lavish as they were under the Tudors, became even more sumptuous under the Stuarts. The Jacobean masque,

It is true that Mr. Cochran has librettists—Mr. Ronald Jeans and Mr. Hastings Turner, the best of their kind. But it is also true that a librettist, however gifted, is not going to have much of a time amid the hurly-burly of a

But Mr. Cochran will not give Messrs. Jeans and Turner an hour or two; he is jealous of his minutes—even of his seconds. After all, while the price of a seat is high, Mr. Cochran is determined to give much value for much money.

One of his larger shows is a continual race with the clock, a ceaseless drive to cut things finer and so to cram more in. This bears hardly on the comedians. One feels that Mr. Cochran, realising that Mr. Eliot Makeham or Mr. Frank Pettingell is just about to be enormously funny, remembers that he has enormous quantities of beauty up his sleeve, more amazing dancers, and many more eye-taking wonderments; so he cuts short our simpler revels of clownship, announces that they "can't do that there 'ere," cries "On with the dance!" and sees that the great big world keeps turning on his revolving stage of unlimited resources.

Whether you like little revues of wit or big revues of visual wonderments is purely a matter of taste. I prefer the little revue, but I do like its wit to be delivered with the finest workmanship. Revue is little at the Westminster: there is not much workmanship to barb the shafts of satire; there are poetical laments and invectives which are well recited; and there is a general sense of young and gusty indignation which finds release in an angry charade.

Mr. Cochran's wonderments, on the other hand, continue to justify that name; he offers you the coloured isle of Cuba in full revel and riot, and he does all this with such amplitude that he may cut down the tourist agencies' business. Why take the trouble to cruise when you can see it all in the Strand? There is no limit to his range. He raids the centuries as he raids the countries for his panorama; at one moment you are looking through a frame at Hogarth's notion of the Strolling Players; at another you are swept into the mediæval ecclesiasticism of "The Three Holy Kings"; then you may have a trip to Mozart's Vienna or be violently assaulted by the dithyrambic frenzy of Cuba's minstrel boys. You end up in the kind of snow-storm where Sam Weller might offer to clean your boots. In sumptuous variety our modern London can rival its Jacobean predecessor; our plutocracy has its masques of great "state and variety," things that do "take the senses," as Bacon said of the splendid amusements of the Jacobean Court. The Jacobeans had their Inigo Jones and their Ben Jonson. We still have a Master of the Revels, and his name is Mr. Cochran. Also, at another place, we have a gadfly who would prick our fears and follies; his name is Mr. Auden.



"FOLLOW THE SUN," C. B. COCHRAN'S NEW REVUE AT THE ADELPHI: "THE THREE HOLY KINGS," A SERIOUS NUMBER OF GREAT PICTORIAL BEAUTY; WITH WORDS ADAPTED FROM HEINE'S POEM.

Mr. Cochran's revue is remarkable for its swift-moving, scintillating and thoroughly modern numbers and setting. The one exception is this pictorial tableau, "The Three Holy Kings," in which a reposeful beauty is achieved. The singer is Irene Eisinger, of Glyndebourne Festival fame, who is here seen in the centre of the stage.

big scenic revue where the emphasis is on the spectacle. That is where Messrs. Auden and Isherwood, operating with an empty stage so void of beauty or of charm that it could not distract your attention from perusal of a Blue Book, ought to have a great advantage. But they do not take it. They are tremendously scathing about our capitalist world and its absurdities; but it seems to me that the kind of bourgeois

looking through a frame at Hogarth's notion of the Strolling Players; at another you are swept into the mediæval ecclesiasticism of "The Three Holy Kings"; then you may have a trip to Mozart's Vienna or be violently assaulted by the dithyrambic frenzy of Cuba's minstrel boys.

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"SLEIGH BELLS": THE LAST NUMBER OF "FOLLOW THE SUN," IN WHICH THE SCENE IS LAID IN A SNOWSTORM!—IN 1845.

with Inigo Jones to design the scenes and Jonson to write the libretto, was an occasion for the royalties and courtiers to dress up, parade in their splendour, and dance a fitting measure. It was amateur theatricals in which women, then strictly debarred from the professional stage, could take their place. The height of elegance was achieved in these performances, and also of extravagance. If anyone wishes to realise how tremendous was the outlay, he has only to consult Bacon's Essay on "Masques and Triumphs," or read any record of majestic revels at that time.

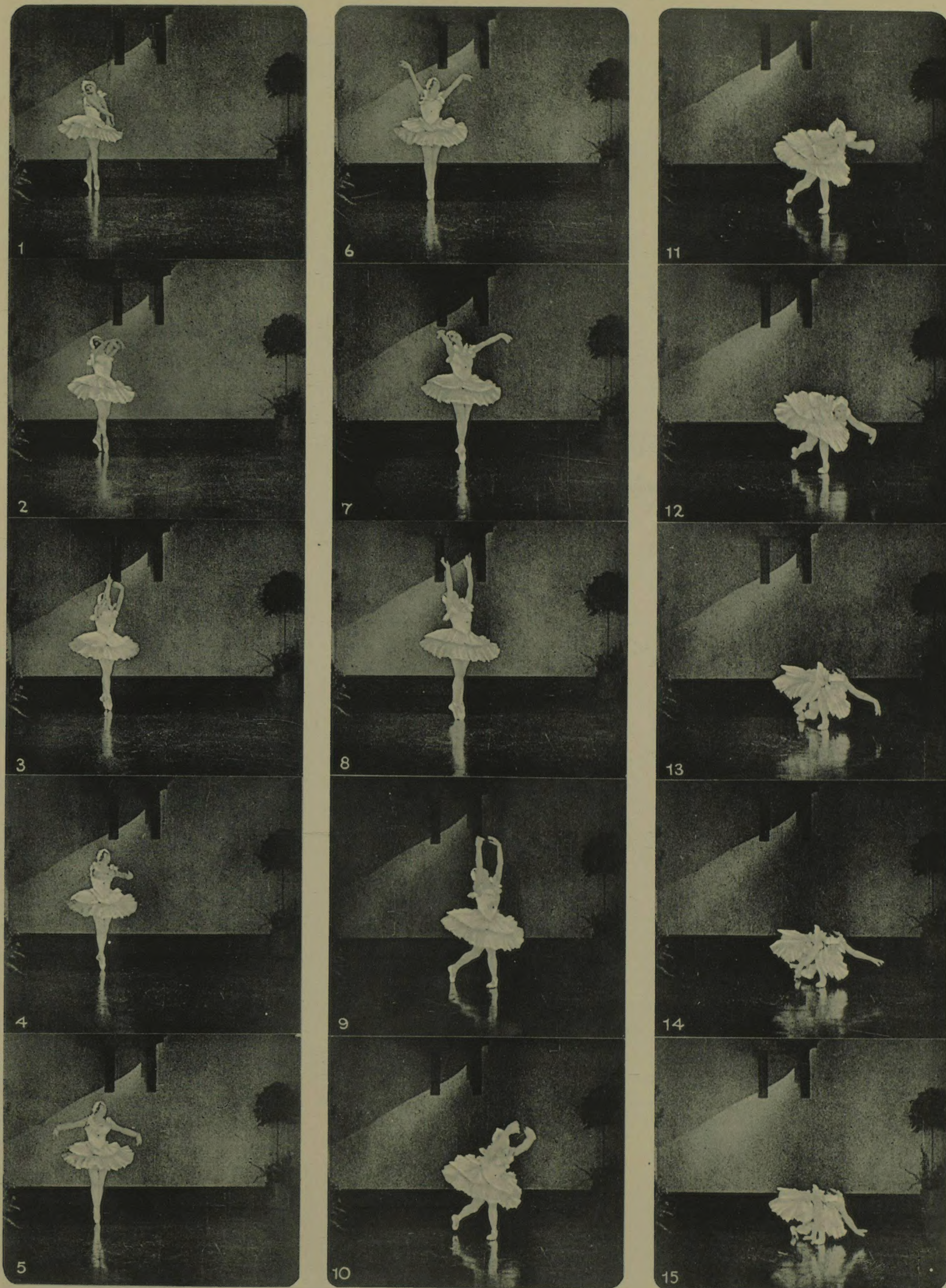
A Cochran revue to-day, especially when it relies more upon the dazzling of the eye than the tickling of the wits, is our parallel to the Jacobean Court Masque, just as the sceneless stage at the Westminster is the parallel to the old platforms on the Southwark shore. No stationary stage for Mr. Cochran, but a revolving panorama of startling spectacle and delirious dance. While Mr. Auden's revue left everything to the imagination and hardly touched the senses, Mr. Cochran's new show at the Adelphi made a considered and brilliant raid upon the eye and ear. It held nothing back; it paraded every colour and combination of colour. It is called, by the way, "Follow the Sun," whereas the Jacobean Masquers would have called it something more classical and solemn—"The Progress of Phœbus," or something like that. Furthermore, the Jacobeans might have winced at the audacity of some of the dancing; they were themselves, no doubt, in their privacy very gay and even dissolute people. But one fancy that, with them, the Court Masque remained courtly. They possessed that sense of propriety, of proportion, and of fitness to the time and place which has recently found expression in the now universal street-cry, "You can't do that there 'ere." Could any slogan be more expressive of a nation's sense of decorum?

of whom they are most contemptuous would do their own job a great deal better. Give Mr. Jeans and Mr. Hastings Turner an hour or two uninterrupted by cavalcades of Cuban dancers, human whirlwinds, religious set-pieces, tableaux of Hogarth's England and Mozart's Vienna, and all the glories of Mr. Cochran's revolving stage, and I would back them to mock our world and lampoon its follies with far more point and pith than are achieved by our reforming zealots at the Westminster.



"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE," ONE OF THE NEW MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLETS AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: A DELIGHTFUL FANTASY BASED UPON THE THEME OF THE TWELFTH-CENTURY LOVE-STORY. "Aucassin and Nicolette" was written specially for Anton Dolin and Markova by Wendy Toye, to music by Josef Holbrooke. The choreography is by Kitty Lester, and the décor is by Motley. Other ballets being given at the Duke of York's include "Carnaval," "Swan Lake," and the "Nightingale and the Rose."

PAVLOVA'S "DYING SWAN" IMMORTALISED: A RARE FILM SEQUENCE.



The memory of that great dancer, Anna Pavlova, is to be revived by a film portraying her life and art, entitled "The Immortal Swan." The première (postponed through King George's death) is due at the Regal Cinema on February 20. Its proceeds will go partly to King George's Jubilee Trust and partly towards the Pavlova Memorial Fountain to be erected in the Rose Garden at Regent's Park, from designs by Carl Milles, the famous Swedish sculptor, illustrated in

our issue of December 14 last. The film, prepared in the British International Studios at Elstree, incorporates records which, happily, Pavlova was persuaded by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to make at Hollywood some years before her death. They comprise four complete ballets and eleven dances, including the famous "Dying Swan," from which the above sequence is taken. The sections should be viewed in order as numbered, beginning at the top left corner.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PAVLOVA FILM BY COURTESY OF "IMMORTAL SWAN" PRODUCTIONS.

THE 1936 SILHOUETTE: LINES THAT ADD DIGNITY TO THE SMALL WOMAN AND ELEGANCE TO THE TALL.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONS.



BLACK AND WHITE IN FAVOUR: A "PARADE" OF EVENING DRESSES, OF CAPES IN FUR OR

Although skirts for morning wear are shorter than they have been for some time, flowing lines which add elegance to the tall figure and lend dignity to favoured. Our drawing, which represents the Grand Staircase at the Paris Opera House on a gala evening, shows the variety and beauty of the modern

VELVET, AND OF FULL-SLEEVED COATS ON THE STAIRCASE OF THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

the small woman characterise evening fashions. Apart from any question of Court mourning, it is interesting to note that black and white are both evening dress and the smartness of both long and short evening wraps. These may be capes of fur or velvet or long coats with voluminous sleeves.

A NEW MYCENÆAN BEEHIVE TOMB.

DISCOVERIES AT BERBATI, NEAR MYCENÆ: SOME OF THE FINEST PAINTED VASES THAT HAVE EVER COME TO LIGHT IN GREECE, IN A TOMB DATING FROM ABOUT 1400 B.C.

By A. J. B. WACE, F.S.A., Laurence Professor of Classical Archaeology at Cambridge, from material supplied by Professor Axel W. Persson, of Upsala University, Sweden.

IN July 1935 a Swedish archaeological expedition to Greece, under the leadership of Professor Axel Persson, of Upsala University, undertook the exploration of the upland valley of Berbati (Fig. 1), in the mountains of Argolis to the east of Mycenæ on the other side of Mount Eubœa. This small valley, four miles long and two and a half miles broad, shut in by mountains on all sides, is almost a world to itself and forms the territory of the modern village of Berbati. The ancient road from Midea and Tiryns in the Argive Plain enters its southern end by the Klisura gorge, and passing Berbati runs northwards through the hills toward Corinth. The fertility of the valley, its seclusion, and its control of the road made it a place of considerable importance in early times. Archaeological research proves that it was inhabited from the Neolithic period, but the days of its greatest prosperity fell within the latter part of the second millennium B.C., during the supremacy of Mycenæ, which, through its proximity, naturally influenced the ancient town at Berbati, identified by some with Prosymna.

The most important discovery yet made is that of a beehive tomb of the same type as the famous

pommel (Fig. 10), and other small pieces of the same precious metal. There are also a sealstone engraved with a goat, beads of glass and amber, a button of rock crystal, and other trifles. More valuable archaeologically are the broken fragments of pottery. Now that the pieces have been cleaned and fitted together, a fine group of painted vases has been

obtained, some of the most beautiful yet found in Greece or in Crete. There are some large vases of the so-called Palace Style of the fifteenth century B.C. which recall the famous series from the beehive tombs at Triphylian Pylos, but they are in better condition and more elegant in execution. Two of them are decorated with the well-known design with three tall trees, or plants, called by Sir Arthur Evans the three-palms motive. On the largest vase, nearly one metre high (Figs. 7 and 12), there are five tall trees, so as to fill the space between the handles, and they seem to suggest lotus plants

rather than palm-trees. The painter of this vase was afraid to leave an empty space—and a *horror vacui* is, indeed characteristic of this style. Below the handles there is a triple band of ivy-leaf sprays, and additional ornaments, such as roses or stars, are introduced everywhere. The smaller vase (58 metre high) has a more distinctive, but a more conventional, design of flowers (Fig. 14).

Artistically, the octopus vase (75 metre high) is the most important (Fig. 15). Between the handles there are three octopuses swimming down below the surface of the sea among coral rocks and seaweed. The twining tentacles are admirably grouped so as to occupy the field in a graceful design, and air bubbles rise from the creatures. Another large vase, also 75 metre high, is covered with a continuous design of spirals extremely well executed (Fig. 13), which corresponds closely with that on one of the vases from Pylos. In addition to these magnificent vases there is a large jar (56 metre high) with a design of conventionalised argonauts on the shoulder (Fig. 16) and a series of low bowls or alabastera with patterns in red or black. Two specially interesting vases are a deep bowl with its decoration in red, brown, and white, and a small Palace Style vase which has incised as well as painted decoration (Fig. 8). Some broken goblets of the type which first appears in late Mycenaean times help to date the tomb to about 1400 B.C., a date supported by the evidence of the amber bead and the rock-crystal button. Thus the tomb, which had been ruined at a comparatively early period, is somewhat older than the royal tomb at Dendra.

In the grave pit and in the chamber up to a level of one metre above the floor only Mycenaean pottery was found. At a higher level a few sherds of late Geometric pottery of the eighth century occurred and must have fallen into the tomb in later, probably Roman, times, for the ruined tomb was then used as a dwelling. The Roman level lay about one metre above the floor and had two fireplaces. In the neighbourhood are no fewer than three cemeteries of chamber tombs like the well-known examples at Mycenæ and other contemporary sites, but only one tomb has yet been excavated. This contained more than fifty vases of late Mycenaean date (Fig. 4), and among them were a few gold ornaments, two bronze knives which had the rivets in their handles capped with gold, and a quantity of lead wire which from its position seems to have been used to weight the garments.

The town to which all these tombs belonged lay on the east slope of a citadel (Fig. 2) which rises about 120 feet or more above the plain. The walls of the houses are now covered with a shallow layer of soil not more than one metre deep, and, since no pottery later than Mycenaean is to be seen here, it is a promising site for excavation. Few Mycenaean towns are known, though royal palaces like those at Mycenæ and Tiryns have been thoroughly explored, and so a series of well-preserved simple houses would throw much light on the social customs and on the standard of living of the ordinary people. The settlement of the Early Iron Age (so-called Geometric period) lies to the north-west of the citadel. There are numerous remains also of the classical, Hellenistic, and Roman periods, and to the last named belong the well-preserved ruins of a bath.



FIG. 1. SHOWING THE SPOT (MARKED WITH AN ARROW) WHERE THE BEEHIVE TOMB WAS FOUND: THE VALLEY OF BERBATI, AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF ARGOLIS, AS SEEN FROM THE ACROPOLIS OF THE ANCIENT TOWN (FIG. 2).



FIG. 2. THE CITADEL OF A TOWN (BUILT ON ITS EASTERN SLOPE) TO WHICH BELONGED THREE CEMETERIES OF CHAMBER TOMBS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD: THE ACROPOLIS OF BERBATI—A PROMISING SITE FOR EXCAVATION.

tombs, including the Treasury of Atreus, at Mycenæ, and that at Dendra (the latter described in *The Illustrated London News* of Sept. 18, 1926). The tomb at Berbati, however, like all such tombs, except those at Dendra and at Vaphio near Sparta, had been plundered of its treasures centuries ago, but it still offers many interesting features.

A noticeable structural point is that the entrance passage (Figs. 3 and 5), owing to the steepness of the hillside where the tomb was built, is unusually short in proportion to the dimensions of the doorway and of the circular tomb chamber itself. The entrance passage is eight metres long and 2.25 metres wide, and is lined with regularly laid slabs of limestone. The doorway, 1.60 metres wide and nearly four metres deep, is slightly narrower towards the top, and is built of rough stones, but has on the outside carefully dressed jambs with profiled bases. The chamber is eight metres in diameter and was built of rough, undressed stones packed together without any attempt at coursing. The upper part has fallen in, and the wall now stands only to a height of three and a half to four and a half metres. None of the lintels which spanned the doorway is any longer *in situ*, but on the slope near by a big slab of conglomerate was found. This is similar in character to the big lintels of the beehive tombs at Mycenæ, and first gave sanguine hopes that excavation here would be profitable. Within the chamber, near the wall and just in front of the door, is a grave pit (2.25 x 1.00 x 1.25 metres). When it was excavated it was found to resemble the grave pit in the Dendra tomb so closely that there were strong hopes that it was un plundered—till the bottom was reached.

Of the treasures laid with the prince only comparatively insignificant fragments are left, such as the handle (Fig. 9) and rim (Fig. 11) of a silver cup, plated or inlaid with gold, the gold cap from a dagger



FIG. 3. THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AT BERBATI: A BEEHIVE TOMB AKIN TO THOSE OF MYCENÆ AND DENDRA—THE DOORWAY BEFORE REMOVAL OF THE FILLING. (SEE ALSO FIG. 5.)

BERBATI DISCOVERIES: A TOMB 3300 YEARS OLD; MYCENÆAN POTTERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR AXEL W. PERSSON. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



FIG. 4. "MORE THAN FIFTY VASES OF LATE MYCENÆAN DATE": POTTERY FROM A CHAMBER TOMB IN ONE OF THE CEMETERIES NEAR THE BEEHIVE TOMB AT BERBATI; INCLUDING (IN THE THIRD ROW FROM THE TOP) THE FOUR SMALL IDOLS SHOWN IN FIG. 6 ON THE NEXT PAGE.



FIG. 5. AN ANCIENT GREEK SEPULCHRE AKIN TO THE CELEBRATED TREASURY OF ATREUS AT MYCENÆ AND THE TOMB FOUND AT DENDRA: THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED BEEHIVE TOMB AT BERBATI, DATING FROM ABOUT 1400 B.C.—THE ENTRANCE AFTER REMOVAL OF THE FILLING (SEE FIG. 3, OPPOSITE PAGE).

As mentioned by Professor Wace in his article opposite, the entrance to the beehive tomb found by Professor Persson at Berbati, shown above, is unusually short in proportion to the dimensions of the doorway and of the circular tomb itself, owing to the steepness of the hillside in which it was built. The above photograph of the tomb entrance should be compared with that in Fig. 3 on the opposite page taken before the clearance of the filling. This beehive tomb

is of the same type as the famous tombs at Mycenæ, including the Treasury of Atreus, and that found by Professor Persson at Dendra, which was described and illustrated, with its rich contents, in our issue of September 18, 1926. The late Mycenaean pottery shown in the upper photograph came from a chamber tomb, the only one excavated among those in three cemeteries near Berbati, described by Professor Wace towards the end of his article.

GREEK VASES OF THE 15TH CENTURY B.C., IDOLS, AND GOLD WORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR AXEL W. PERSSON. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 276.)



FIG. 6. RELICS OF ANCIENT GREEK RELIGION? A NEARER VIEW OF THE SMALL IDOLS SHOWN IN FIG. 4 ON PAGE 277, AMONG LATE MYCENÆAN POTTERY FROM A CHAMBER TOMB AT BERBATI.



FIG. 8. A BOWL (15 CM. HIGH) DECORATED IN RED, BROWN, AND WHITE, AND A SMALL PALACE STYLE VASE (32 CM. HIGH), WITH INCISED AS WELL AS PAINTED ORNAMENT: TWO SPECIALLY INTERESTING PIECES FROM THE BEEHIVE TOMB AT BERBATI.



FIG. 9. ONE OF THE FEW FRAGMENTS OF PRECIOUS METAL LEFT IN THE BEEHIVE TOMB BY ANCIENT PLUNDERERS: A GOLD-COVERED HANDLE OF A SILVER CUP.



FIG. 10. A DAGGER POMMEL WITH GOLD OVERLAY: ANOTHER FRAGMENT LEFT IN THE TOMB.



FIG. 11. A FRAGMENT FROM THE GOLD-COVERED RIM OF A SILVER CUP, THE HANDLE OF WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED ABOVE IN FIG. 9: ANOTHER SMALL PIECE OF PRECIOUS METAL OVERLOOKED OR DISCARDED BY ROBBERS WHO RIFLED THE BEEHIVE TOMB IN ANTIQUITY.

The Mycenæan beehive tomb discovered by Professor Axel Persson at Berbati, near Mycenæ, had unfortunately been plundered by tomb-robbers in antiquity, and contained only a few fragments of gold work, unlike the similar tomb which he found ten years ago at Dendra. The latter contained, among other treasures, two beautifully chased gold cups (illustrated in our issue of September 18, 1926). It was there mentioned that the Swedish expedition in Greece, led by Professor



FIG. 7. A MAGNIFICENT VASE OF THE SO-CALLED PALACE STYLE, RECALLING THOSE FROM TRIPHYLIAN PYLOS: ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL PIECES FOUND IN THE BEEHIVE TOMB AT BERBATI. (ABOUT 3 FT. HIGH.)



FIG. 12. DECORATED WITH A WELL-KNOWN DESIGN OF THREE TALL TREES OR PLANTS, TERMED BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS "THE THREE-PALM MOTIVE": THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GREAT VASE SEEN IN FIG. 7.

Persson, owed its inception to the Crown Prince of Sweden, who took part in the Dendra excavations. At Berbati the lack of precious metal was compensated by some unusually fine pottery, including the magnificent vase (Figs. 7 and 12) in the so-called Palace Style of the fifteenth century B.C. The four little idols, apparently conventionalised figures of goddesses, came from a chamber tomb in the same locality containing over 50 late Mycenæan vases (Fig. 4 on page 277).

NATURE MOTIVES IN MYCENÆAN POTTERY: OCTOPUS AND ARGONAUT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR AXEL W. PERSSON. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 276.)



FIG. 13. COVERED WITH A CONTINUOUS DESIGN OF SPIRALS, VERY WELL EXECUTED, RESEMBLING THAT ON A VASE FROM PYLOS: ONE OF THE LARGE PALACE STYLE PAINTED VASES FOUND AT BERBATI (75 CM. HIGH).



FIG. 14. DECORATED WITH A FLORAL DESIGN MORE CONVENTIONAL THAN THAT OF THE LARGEST PALACE STYLE VASE (FIGS. 7 AND 12, OPPOSITE PAGE): A SMALLER EXAMPLE OF THIS TYPE OF VASE FOUND AT BERBATI (58 CM. HIGH).



FIG. 15. WITH A DESIGN OF THREE OCTOPUSES SWIMMING AMONG CORAL ROCKS AND SEAWEED, THEIR TENTACLES GRACEFULLY GROUPED: ARTISTICALLY THE FINEST OF THE LARGE PALACE STYLE VASES FROM BERBATI (75 CM. HIGH).

These four examples, from the store of Mycenaean pottery found by Professor Persson in the beehive tomb at Berbati, illustrate the consummate skill with which the craftsmen of the period, some 3300 years ago, used designs borrowed from nature in the decoration of vases. Among the magnificent large vases in the Palace Style between 2 ft. and 3 ft. high, Professor Wace (in his article on page 276) ranks that with the octopus design (Fig. 15) as artistically the most



FIG. 16. ANOTHER MARINE DESIGN CONSISTING OF CONVENTIONALISED ARGONAUTS (A SPECIES OF CUTTLEFISH ALSO KNOWN AS THE PAPER-NAUTILUS): A LARGE JAR FOUND AMONG THE POTTERY IN THE BEEHIVE TOMB AT BERBATI (56 CM. HIGH).

important. The twining tentacles, he points out, are admirably grouped to form a graceful pattern. The air bubbles represented rising from these creatures swimming under water indicate close observation. The other two vases illustrated here are decorated respectively with a floral design and a scheme of spirals. "In addition to these magnificent vases," Professor Wace adds, "there is a large jar (Fig. 16) with a design of conventionalised argonauts on the shoulder."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EVEN royal biography is susceptible nowadays to the urge of topicality, and must come in on the crest of the wave, so to speak, lest the tide of popular emotion begin to ebb. It will be many a year, I think, before the British public loses interest in the great reign just ended, or in the auspicious beginning of the new one. Not unnaturally, however, there was emulation among authors and publishers to be first in the field with the life-stories of our late monarch and his successor, almost before the echoes of the funeral guns died away.

Commendable enterprise has been shown in bringing out so promptly a historical memoir, entitled "GEORGE THE FAITHFUL." The Life and Times of George V., "The People's King," 1865-1936. Edited and with a Preface by Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.E. With over 500 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 3s. 6d.). The first edition of this work, a note explains, appeared as "The Book of the King's Jubilee," but it has been revised and brought entirely up to date. That claim is thoroughly substantiated, for the record comprises not only the post-Jubilee events of last year in the Royal Family—the Duke of Gloucester's marriage, the birth of the Duke of Kent's son, and the death of Princess Victoria—but contains a chapter on King George's death and funeral, with the proclamation of King Edward VIII. The author's name is not disclosed, but, as he (or possibly she) expresses thanks to Sir Philip Gibbs for permission to use certain material, I conclude that Sir Philip's part in the work was limited to editing. Among the author's other acknowledgments I notice a reference to the files of *The Illustrated London News*, which have for nearly a century provided a rich mine of information for historians. The illustrations are incredibly numerous, considering the book's low price, and of deep interest in point of subject. Regarding quality of reproduction I cannot quite endorse the publisher's epithet, "superb," but in this matter I may be too exacting, through long familiarity with technical perfection on this paper. In the group on page 214, by the way, showing King George with Haig, Foch, and Poincaré in France during the war, the other officer, described as "an unidentified French General," looks to me suspiciously like Marshal Joffre.

Owing to the fierce light of publicity that beats upon a throne, recording every incident in a royal career at the moment of its occurrence in a host of newspapers, a work of this kind, as the biographer points out, cannot be original in matter, but only in manner of presentation. In this respect the task seems to me to have been performed admirably, for the book gives a clear and readable account not only of King George's personal life, but of the chief events, political and social movements, and developments in science and art, during his reign. The author yields to none in appreciation of the late King's greatness of character and of the qualities that won him the love of his people. With so many glowing tributes still fresh in public memory, to quote any such passage from the present volume might seem in the nature of an anti-climax. It may not be out of place, however, to cite the author's conclusions regarding the destiny of the British Commonwealth: "The Imperialism of the future must be more universal in its outlook than the Imperialism of the past has been. . . . There is an Imperialism which is greater than that of any one Empire. . . . The collective will of humankind is advancing towards a wider liberty, a nobler order than has ever been imagined by any save the most inspired of poets and prophets, the most advanced of idealists. In a word, there is an increasing demand for the formation of a rational basis for human life and action. . . . The influence and example of the King flowed downwards to, and through, the vast assemblages of the free peoples of the Empire. Our progress towards liberty of thought and action owes an incalculable obligation to the broad-mindedness and to the wide sympathies of King George."

All of us, of course, are familiar with our new King's achievements as Prince of Wales, but for purposes of reference, and for the refreshing of memories, it is very convenient to have them gathered up and intelligently studied in volume form. Such a work is to hand in "OUR AMBASSADOR KING." His Majesty King Edward VIII.'s Life of Devotion and Service as Prince of Wales. By Basil Maine. With a Foreword by Sir Harry Brittain. With thirty-two Illustrations (Hutchinson; 3s. 6d.). Here again we have an up-to-date revision of an existing work,

for it appeared a few months ago under the title of "The King's First Ambassador." The body of the book remains much the same, but the author has added an interesting prologue and an epilogue in which he places the King's career as Prince of Wales in relation to his new position. The appendices contain a table of the succession to the throne, the royal pedigree from Queen Victoria, and a selection from the King's speeches before his accession.

Mr. Maine's book has obviously been inspired by genuine admiration, but its outstanding quality, I think, is its common-sense candour and freedom from indiscriminate flattery. It is not a complete biography, for it begins

great initial advantage, for he is known by his people as no King has ever been known at the opening of his reign. Hundreds of thousands of British subjects in every part of the Empire have seen him, and millions have listened to his voice. There has never in all our long history been a better-loved Prince of Wales. . . . No Prince has ever mixed with his fellow-men of all races, classes and creeds, both here and abroad, as did this Prince of Wales, and it is his wondrous enthusiasm, his simplicity, his energy, and his frank sincerity which have all combined to make him known and loved throughout the world."

I do not remember any book more crowded with anecdotes and intimate glimpses of royalty—our own and that of foreign lands—besides many other celebrities, than "MEMOIRS OF A ROYAL DETECTIVE." By the late Ex-Detective-Inspector Herbert T. Fitch (of the Special Branch, New Scotland Yard). With twenty-two Illustrations (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). The author unfortunately did not live to see his entertaining book in print, for he died suddenly while at work on it. He had almost finished his work, and it was completed by a friend and colleague, Mr. F. S. Stuart. The dramatic character of these reminiscences is indicated in a preface by that well-known novelist, Baroness Orczy, who confesses that here truth is stranger than fiction. "Detective-Inspector Fitch," she writes, "master of several European languages . . . trusted attendant on our King and Queen, the Prince of Wales in his school days, our Princesses at their weddings, is a character that any fiction-writer would have been proud to conceive. But it is doubtful whether the most confirmed romantic among us could have done justice to some of the incredible adventures which came to him in his quiet work as the guardian of Kings. It is rare indeed that we are permitted to wander freely within palace precincts, as this book allows us to do."

It is not possible, of course, to convey the abundant interest of the work adequately by quotation, as most of the anecdotes are too long for that purpose. Many of them are amusing, some pathetic, and some charged with possible tragedy. There is one incident in the life of our present King as an Oxford undergraduate which shows him as a keen and skilful footballer taking part in a match against a police team, but I fancy the author is wrong in describing him as playing for the University, for in Mr. Maine's book we find that "the Prince played soccer in the Magdalen second XI." It does not follow, however, that there is anything else incorrect in the description of this particular match, and of the enthusiasm among the spectators, who, delighted by the feats of the royal centre forward, roared again and again, "Played the little 'un! Played the little 'un!"

Inspector Fitch's account of King Edward VII. at the Derby recalls the comment of some foreign observer that as long as we have racing we shall never have a revolution. A well-reasoned denunciation of such drastic methods of political change comes from America, in "FAREWELL TO REVOLUTION." By Everett Dean Martin. With a Preface by Lord Lothian (Routledge; 12s. 6d.). The author

emphasises the fact that his work is not to be understood as an apology for the *status quo* or as an argument against social reconstruction. He concludes with a powerful plea for liberalism, and, incidentally, gives a retrospective summary indicating the scope of his volume. "It is ironical," he writes, "that three hundred years of revolutionary struggle for liberty should have ended in Nazism. . . . Much is said to-day of the futility of liberalism. It is time something was said of the historically demonstrated, repeated futility of revolution. For what have revolutions accomplished? I have in this book told the story of the ten great revolutions of history—revolutions which are popularly supposed to have achieved for mankind its liberties and progress. I think that the realistic view shows that every one of these revolutions was a drama of delusion. Not one accomplished its aim. All were irrelevant and quixotic efforts to achieve by sudden violence what was really being achieved by the advance of culture. The advance was set back by each revolution, and civilised men and women were obliged, after the earthquake, to pick up the debris . . . and begin again the building of the republic of free men." I hope that British as well as American readers, who may cherish subversive tendencies, will ponder the grave warning implied in the author's conclusions.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

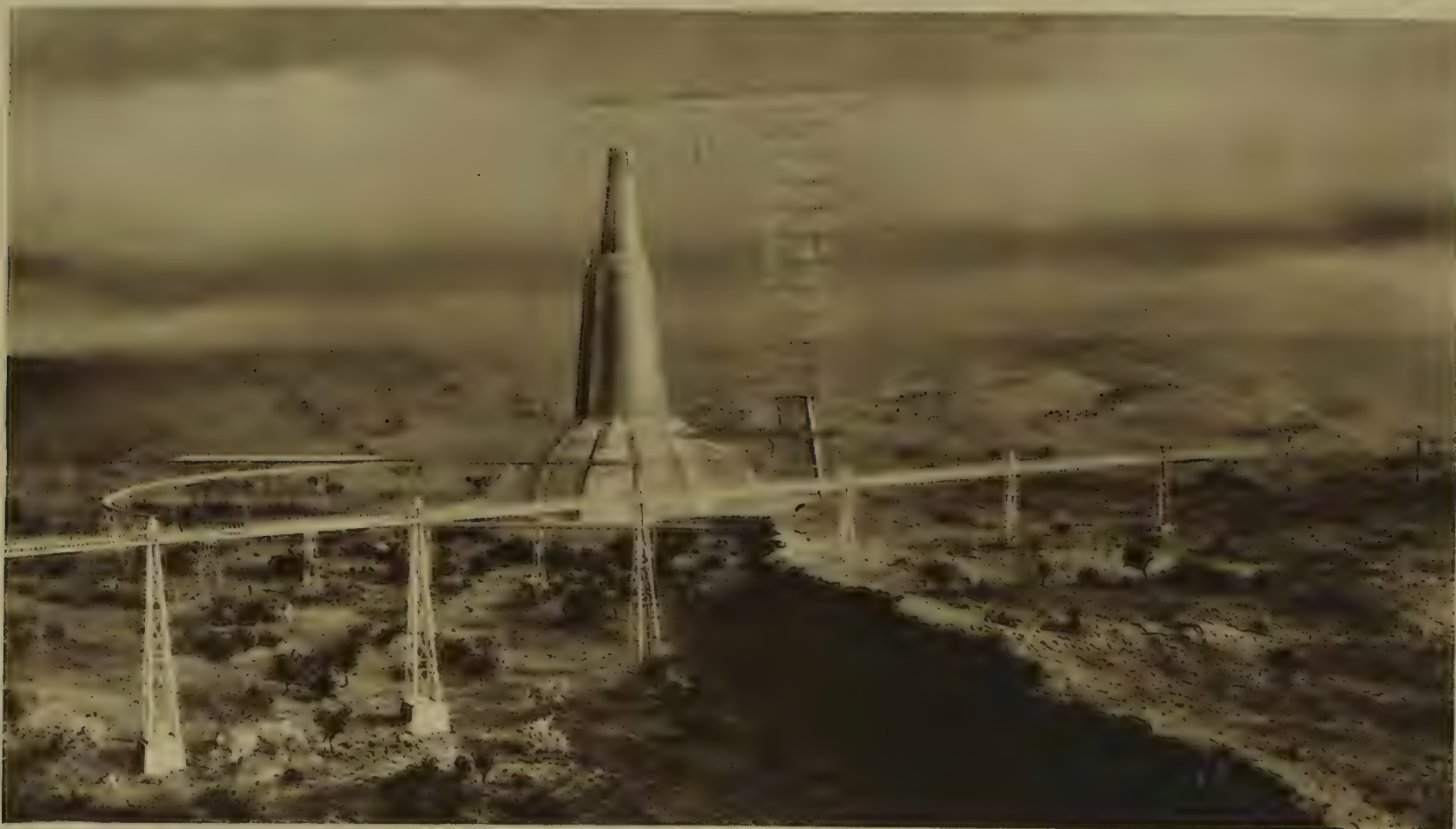
When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. (New address from March 1—32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.)

practically with the King's undergraduate life at Oxford, where, we learn among other things, he once set a Socialist acquaintance at ease by singing "The Red Flag" to his own accompaniment on the banjo! "It proved to be a master stroke of conciliation." The author should be allowed, perhaps, to explain his own aim in writing the book. "It is the purpose of this study," he says, "to catch a reflection of its subject's personality. Especially in relation to his conception of service will he be regarded. . . . Since his coming of age, the King has set himself the task of carrying out a definite programme in connection with social reforms and endeavour in this country, and yet another in encouraging loyalty and co-operation among the peoples of the British Empire. In the succeeding chapters he will be followed along the various paths to which that programme has led him, so that his achievement and the extent of his influence can in some measure be appraised."

From the story which Mr. Maine has to tell, the reader cannot but feel that the opening reign promises special characteristics of its own, unlike any that has gone before, owing to the new monarch's unique experiences and qualities. As Sir Harry Brittain well puts it in his foreword: "King Edward VIII. ascends the throne with one

"THINGS TO COME": WONDERS OF 2054 A.D. IN THE NEW WELLS FILM.



THE GIGANTIC SPACE GUN, 1500 FT. HIGH, FROM WHICH A PAIR OF ADVENTUROUS LOVERS ARE TO BE FIRED TO THE MOON IN THE PROJECTILE SEEN SUSPENDED FROM THE ADJACENT CRANE: A FORECAST OF FUTURE AERIAL EXPLORATION IN THE NEW FILM BY H. G. WELLS, "THINGS TO COME."



ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING METHODS IN A WELLSIAN WORLD OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY: THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN UNDERGROUND CITY IN A MOUNTAIN SIDE, WITH A GIANT MACHINE PUSHING HOUSE WALLS INTO POSITION—A SCENE FROM THE FILM, "THINGS TO COME," SHORTLY TO BE PRESENTED IN LONDON.

"Things To Come," the new film by Mr. H. G. Wells based on his book, "The Shape of Things to Come," is to be produced on February 21 at the Leicester Square Theatre. The earlier part shows civilisation ruined by another Great War, in 1940, followed by an epidemic and forty years of barbarism. Later,

surviving engineers and airmen build up a new warless world on scientific lines. In 2054 A.D., two lovers embark on the great adventure of being fired to the moon from a gigantic Space Gun. Wonderful sets for these scenes were constructed in the new studios of London Film Productions, Ltd., at Denham.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A GEORGE III. GOLD CUP AND COVER FOR SALE:
THE ONLY KNOWN SPECIMEN OF ITS TYPE.

This beautiful and unique cup comes up for sale at Sotheby's on March 5. It bears the inscription: "Presented by the British Officers serving at Goa, to Joshua Uthoff, Esqr. In testimony of their respect for his character and of their grateful sense of his kind, hospitable and friendly conduct towards them, while he resided as British Envoy at Goa, 1800."



THE ROBERT DRANE
MAZER FOR SALE: A
SIDE VIEW; A VIEW
FROM ABOVE, SHOWING
THE MEDALLION INSIDE;
AND A CLOSE-UP VIEW
OF THE MEDALLION.



The Robert Drane mazer, which probably dates from the end of the fifteenth century, is included in Sotheby's sale on March 5. It is a small mazer with a maple-wood bowl and flat base. The print is silver gilt and consists of a moulded boss enclosing a small medallion (1.1-1.8 in. diam.). This is engraved with a figure of Guy of Warwick slaying the Northumbrian dragon.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE V. AND A.
MUSEUM: A CHOU DYNASTY TING.

A variety of bronze vessels, for cooking or containing food and drink for sacrificial and other purposes, was produced in China as far back as the Shang-yin dynasty (13th century B.C. and even earlier). Most prominent among these was the *ting*, of which this is a fine example, belonging perhaps to the Chou dynasty (1122-249 B.C.). The *ting* served as a cauldron for sacrificial food.

WATERLOO BRIDGE
RISES AGAIN IN A
FIELD AT HARMONDS-
WORTH: THOUSANDS
OF TONS OF STONE
FROM THE DEMO-
LISHED BRIDGE PILED
UP LIKE A NEW
STONEHENGE.

The work of demolition on Waterloo Bridge is proceeding rapidly, and in some places water-level has already been reached. Thousands of tons of stone are being removed at the rate of eleven lorry-loads a day and are being taken to a field at Harmondsworth, near Colnbrook, on the Bath road. There this new "Stonehenge" will remain until some use is found for it. Some of the granite from the old bridge will be used for facing the piers of the new one. Already the pile of granite extends a quarter of a mile and is said to measure one and a half million cubic feet. The average weight of the stones is three and a half tons. Our photograph shows in the distance a large crane in action.



THE STATE FUNERAL OF GENERAL KONDYLIS: THE COFFIN BEING DRAWN IN A LONG
PROCESSION THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF ATHENS.

The funeral service for General Kondylis, the Greek "king-maker," who died on January 31, was held on February 2 at the Cathedral, where the body had lain in state during the previous day. Many thousands of people had filed past the bier. The funeral service was attended by the King, members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and thousands of people. The General's body was afterwards transferred to Proussos, his native village.



THE BIG FIRE AT ENGLAND'S HOLLYWOOD: FIVE ACRES OF STUDIO BUILDINGS LAID
WASTE AT ELSTREE—AN AIR-VIEW AFTER THE BLAZE.

The most destructive and the most spectacular fire that the British film industry has suffered or seen laid waste about five acres of studio buildings at Elstree early in the morning of February 9. The fire was thought to have begun in a studio of the British and Dominions Film Corporation and to have spread to the premises of British International Pictures. A number of films, finished and in process of production, were saved. (See our Front Page.)

THE SINGLE THRONE IN PARLIAMENT: A SIGN OF A BACHELOR KING.



A CHANGE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS THAT INDICATES THE ACCESSION OF A BACHELOR KING: THE SINGLE THRONE INSTEAD OF TWO THRONES, FOR THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH A CHAIR FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Immediately after King George's death and the accession of King Edward VIII., the fact that the new King is a bachelor caused a change in the royal seating arrangements of the House of Lords. Ever since King Edward VII. succeeded in 1901 two thrones—one for the King and one (an inch lower) for the Queen—with a state chair for the Prince of Wales on the King's right hand, had been placed on the dais behind the Woolsack. Now, as there is no Queen Consort,

and no Prince of Wales, the King's throne stands by itself. It is occupied by his Majesty at the State Opening of Parliament, a ceremony which, according to present plans, will occur at the end of this year. The King will not wear the State Crown, as his Coronation will not be held until next year. King Edward VII. opened Parliament twice before being crowned. In our photograph the late King's monogram, "G.R.," still appears beside the Royal Arms.



W. S. Blyth

DANCERS WITH THEIR "LITTLE BROTHERS"—LIVE AND VENOMOUS SNAKES—IN MOUTH AND HANDS: HOPI INDIANS PERFORMING THEIR RITUALISTIC SNAKE DANCE IN ARIZONA.

A while ago—in our issue of August 19, 1933—we gave a number of photographs illustrating the famous Hopi snake dance as rendered at Prescott, Arizona, by white business men and women who had organized themselves to perpetuate some of the ritualistic dances and ceremonies of Indians of

the south-west of the United States. Here we present a drawing showing real Hopi in the dance. These Indians believe that snakes—their "little brothers"—come from the rain-clouds and from the underworld, whence issues the water of the springs. In the dance, as the priests move round

the shelter built for the snakes and pass an excavation symbolising the entrance to the underworld, each is given a snake and they carry snakes not only in their hands but in their mouths. At the end the snakes are turned loose upon the desert, that they may return to the underworld and

testify to the earnestness of the priests and the people in their thanks for rain and a bounteous harvest. The artist notes: "The dance is in August. The venomous snakes, like rattlesnakes and coral-snakes, are not treated to make them harmless. The Indians have an antidote for the venom."

DRAWN BY W. S. BLYTH, F.R.S.

NAVAL NEWS: WARSHIPS AT ALEXANDRIA; "REPULSE"



1. BRITISH WAR VESSELS AT ALEXANDRIA, THE ONLY EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN PORT CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING A LARGE NUMBER OF SHIPS UNDER WINTER CONDITIONS, AND, AND DESTROYERS BEHIND HER; THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER "GLORIOUS" (CENTRE); AND (ON THE RIGHT)



2. THE RECONSTRUCTED BATTLE CRUISER "REPULSE": HER NEW MAINMAST. (SEE 3 & 5)



3. THE RECONSTRUCTED "REPULSE": AN AMIDSHIP VIEW—FOR COMPARISON WITH PHOTOGRAPH 5, WHICH SHOWS THE BATTLE CRUISER BEFORE HER RECENT RECONSTRUCTION.



5. THE "REPULSE" BEFORE HER RECONSTRUCTION: THE SHIP AS SHE WAS IN 1919, WHEN SHE WAS THE LAST WORD IN BATTLE CRUISERS AND BOASTED OF HER ARMoured DECK AND SECONDARY GUNS IN GROUPS OF THREE BEHIND OPEN SHIELDS, AN INNOVATION.

THE following notes concern our illustrations: 1. At the end of last year, Mr. Baldwin explained that the whole of our Mediterranean Fleet had never been at Alexandria, but he added that, in view of the limited number of suitable ports in the Eastern Mediterranean, to which the autumn cruise of the Mediterranean Fleet had been confined, it had been necessary for a considerable proportion to remain there, as Alexandria is the only port capable of accommodating a large number of ships under winter conditions. Since that time, various routine changes in the disposition of the warships then at that port have been made.—2, 3, and 5. The "Repulse" was completed in August, 1916 and was refitted in 1919-22. Her recent reconstruction (1932-36) cost £1,377,748.—4. The destroyer "Greyhound" was begun in September 1934, and launched in August 1935. Her displacement is 1,350 tons. She is 323 ft. overall.—5. The Swedish aircraft cruiser "Gotland," which has been visiting Dartmouth, Southampton, and Gravesend, is both small cruiser and seaplane carrier. She is of 4,600 tons displacement. She carries six 6-in. and some smaller guns, with six 21-in. torpedo-tubes. In her after-part is space for eight seaplanes, and there is a large crane for hauling them aboard.

RECONSTRUCTED, A NEW DESTROYER, AN AIRCRAFT CRUISER.



FOR THAT REASON, CONTAINING A CONSIDERABLE PROPORTION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: THE BATTLE CRUISER "RENOOWN" (LEFT), WITH THE CRUISER "EXETER" THE BATTLESHIP "VALIANT" (FOREGROUND) AND THE CRUISER "AUSTRALIA," OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY.



4. A NEW BRITISH DESTROYER: THE "GREYHOUND," WHICH GIVES HER NAME TO A CLASS OF EIGHT, AND IS JOINING THE HOME FLEET.



6. THE SWEDISH AIRCRAFT CRUISER "GOTLAND" WHEN VISITING GRAVESEND: A WARSHIP THAT IS BOTH SMALL CRUISER AND SEAPLANE CARRIER; WELL ARMED AS A CRUISER, AND WITH SPACE FOR EIGHT SEAPLANES, TWO OF WHICH ARE SEEN AFT WITH FOLDED WINGS.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK.
One of the leaders of the struggle for women's electoral rights in England. Died February 10; aged ninety-one. A sister of the late Earl of Balfour. Principal, Newnham College, Cambridge, for nineteen years.



SIR C. E. CORKRAN.
Appointed Sergeant-at-Arms in Ordinary to his Majesty, to attend the Lord Chancellor, Lord Keeper, or Lord Commissioner for the Great Seal of Great Britain, in the place of Capt. the Hon. Sir S. J. Fortescue.



SIR CHARLES BALLANCE.
The distinguished surgeon. Died February 8; aged seventy-nine. Published "Essays on the Surgery of the Brain." Well known for his work on the nervous system, publishing treatises dealing with nerve grafts in both men and monkeys.



HERR GUSTLOFF.
German Nazi leader in Switzerland. Assassinated at Davos, February 4, by a man, stated to have been a Yugoslav Jew, who afterwards surrendered to the police. His murder evoked great indignation throughout Germany.



DR. WILHELM SOLF.
The German statesman who was Foreign Minister in 1918, and played a large part in the negotiations preliminary to the Armistice. Died February 6; aged seventy-three. Had been Governor of Samoa and Secretary of State for the Colonies.



MR. I. H. D. ROLLESTON.
Died as the result of injuries received in a riot at Zanzibar, where he was an Assistant District Commissioner in the Colonial Civil Service. The only son of Sir Humphry Rolleston, Physician Extraordinary to the late King. He was thirty-four.



LIEUT. ROSE'S RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT TO THE CAPE: THE MILES FALCON MACHINE IN WHICH HE BETTERED MRS. MOLLISON'S TIME.

Flight-Lieutenant T. Rose arrived in Cape Town on February 9, having flown from Lympne, England, by the Imperial Airways route in three days, 17 hours, 37 minutes, and beaten Mrs. Mollison's time (set up on the shorter West Coast route) by 13 hours, 19 minutes. Lieut. Rose said that the weather was against him most of the way and that he had been worried by a petrol leak on the African section of his journey.



MAKER OF THE RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT TO THE CAPE: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT T. ROSE.



AN ANGLO-SWEDISH NAVAL OCCASION: VICE-ADMIRAL E. R. G. EVANS (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH COMMANDER RUDBERG, ON BOARD THE "GOTLAND."
As noted beneath a photograph on another page, the cruiser and aircraft carrier "Gotland" has recently been berthed off Gravesend. Vice-Admiral E. R. G. Evans ("Evans of the Broke") is seen calling on her commander.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE OPENS THE NEW RUBBER EXCHANGE IN FENCHURCH STREET: MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN SPEAKING.

Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, opened the new Rubber Exchange at Plantation House, Fenchurch Street, on February 7. The Exchange is thoroughly up to date in its architecture, the walls being lined with a special acoustic material, and an automatic system of flood-lighting being installed. The Exchange forms part of the ground and first floors of Section One of Plantation House.



COMMANDER A. D. COCHRANE, D.S.O., M.P.

Appointed Governor of Burma, in succession to Sir Hugh Stephenson. As a naval officer, he fought in the Heligoland Bight action and received the D.S.O. for his daring operations with a submarine in the Sea of Marmora. This appointment necessitates a by-election at Dumfries and Galloway.



A NEW GOVERNMENT FORMED IN EGYPT AS SEQUEL TO A POLITICAL COMPROMISE: ALI PASHA MAHER (CENTRE; FRONT ROW) WITH HIS COLLEAGUES.

A compromise having been found between the political parties in Egypt, a new Government was formed on January 30 by Ali Pasha Maher, Chief of the Royal Cabinet. The Ministers seen here in the front row (l. to r.) are: Ahmed Pasha Abd el Wahab, Ahmed Pasha Ali, Ali Pasha Maher, Hafez Pasha Hassan, and Hassan Pasha Sabry; and (behind) Lewa Ali Sidky, Mahomed Ali Pasha Allouba, and iSadek Pasha Wabha. Ali Pasha Maher has himself taken the portfolios of the Interior and Foreign Affairs.



BRITISH NURSES FOR ABYSSINIA: GERTRUDE LADY DECIES (CENTRE) WITH MRS. CORRIGNE (SUPERINTENDENT; LEFT) AND MEMBERS OF THEIR PARTY.

The personnel of the party of British nurses who are going to the Abyssinian war zone was decided at a meeting on February 6. They will be led by Gertrude Lady Decies; while Mrs. F. C. Corringe will be superintendent of the unit. The other members include Nurse Bird (wearing armband) and Nurse Hunter (in white uniform). Mr. R. H. A. Merlen, a veterinary surgeon (left), and Mr. Vaughan Jones (right) will accompany them.

BUILDING THE OLYMPIC BOB-RUN: BRICKLAYING WITH ICE FROM A LAKE.



THE BUILDING OF AN ICE-RUN FOR THE OLYMPIC BOB-SLEIGH CONTESTS AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN: ICE-BLOCKS BEING CUT ON THE RISSESEE (A MOUNTAIN-LAKE) FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BANKING OF THE TRACK.



BUILDING UP A BANKED CORNER ON THE GARMISCH BOB-SLEIGH RUN: ICE-BLOCKS FROM THE RISSESEE BEING LAID IN A CAREFULLY CALCULATED CURVE, AGAINST A BACKING OF WICKERWORK AND TIMBER.



BRICKLAYING WITH BRICKS OF ICE: LAYING THE HIGHER COURSES OF A BANKED CORNER ON THE GARMISCH OLYMPIC BOB-SLEIGH RUN AND CEMENTING THE JOINTS WITH SNOW.



SPRAYING THE CURVED BANK OF ICE-BLOCKS WITH WATER, WHICH QUICKLY FREEZES INTO A HOMOGENEOUS SURFACE AND BINDS THE BLOCKS TOGETHER: THE FINAL PROCESS IN CONSTRUCTING THE GARMISCH BOB-SLEIGH RUN.

The bob-run for the fourth Winter Olympic Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, which were opened by Herr Hitler on February 6, was reconstructed for the present occasion by Mr. S. M. Zentzytzki, who designed the Lake Placid bob-run. The Garmisch course is nothing if not likely to encourage the spectacular, for its 1600 metres include fifteen great curves, with a "labyrinth" of a succession of five sharp bends. Many factors have to be considered when the details of the most efficient type of track are being worked out. The curves of the track must conform to

the laws of physical science. If the banking is too steep it cuts down the speed; if it is not steep enough it endangers the bob. The curved ice-banking is built up on a backing of wickerwork supported by tree trunks and snow buttresses. Thus, it is given strength to withstand the strain of the passage of the bobs and their crews at high speed. To make the face, ice-brick is piled on ice-brick. The tools are the same as those used in bricklaying and the mortar is snow! Finally, the completed track is sprayed with water, which freezes into a wonderful surface.

FALLING WATER.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"AMONG THE WATERFALLS OF THE WORLD": By EDWARD C. RASHLEIGH.*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD'S.)

HUNTING the waterfall is an unusual but an attractive form of sport; for, as the author of this comprehensive volume observes, "of all the natural wonders our planet has to show none, perhaps, has made greater appeal to the imagination of mankind in all ages than has the grandeur and beauty of falling water; and the range of emotions evoked by such spectacles has been extraordinarily diverse, whether it be a mere mountain brook like that which babblingly 'comes down at Lodore,' or some vast cataract which recalls the nightmare conception of Poe." There is, besides the intrinsic beauty of cascading water, a certain fascination in the thought that water is the only thing on earth which can be pulled down by the utmost force of gravitation without being destroyed. One stands captivated on the very brink of Niagara and watches a vast volume of water slide quietly over a sheer edge, hurtle downwards in splendid disintegration, and flow on in an undiminished, nay, a more impetuous stream. Yet it is indeed true that "the range of emotions evoked by such spectacles has been extraordinarily diverse." Niagara, an ornate, thick curtain of water, surrounded by every evidence of sophistication and exploitation (not excluding tramways), conveys a sense of great power, but of little loveliness. It is impossible, on the other hand, to see the Victoria Falls, to walk through the Rain Forest, to cross the Zambesi in a canoe, manned by glistening savages, on the very lip of the chasm, without being elated by a sense of mingled might, beauty and adventure.

Mr. Rashleigh wisely refrains from any dogmatic answer to the question, "Which is the greatest waterfall in the world?" Much depends, as we shall see, on the chosen measure of greatness, but even more on the setting and on the individual point of view. Mr. Rashleigh tells us that if he had to choose one waterfall for his special delectation, he would probably decide upon the extraordinary Paulo Affonso of Brazil, "the King of the Rapids and the Niagara of Brazil, at once the most diverse and awe-inspiring of all the world's great cataracts, which Durand describes as representing 'dans toute la force du terme une magnifique horreur.'" Yet, at the end of his widely ranging survey, he is uncertain whether the "wondrously lovely" Skjaeggeldsfoss of Norway, though a mere pigmy beside the giants which he has described, is not the most memorable of all. For ourselves, though regrettable ignorance of the South American falls disables our judgment, we can only say of the sublime Victoria Falls what Huckleberry Finn said of the circus: "There may be bullier circuses than what that one was, but if there is, I don't reckon to see them."

But—contrary to popular belief—neither Victoria nor Niagara is the "greatest" waterfall in the world in point of sheer dimension. In volume of water, there are two cataracts, seen by few travellers, which enormously exceed that of any others in the world. One is Guayra, on the Parana in Brazil, which contains no less than eighteen separate falls of immense force. Its average mean flow is 470,000 cubic feet per second (or "cusecs"), which is "not merely far more than double that of the mean of Niagara, but exceeds the combined mean volumes of Niagara, Paulo Affonso, the Iguazu Falls, the Grand Falls of Labrador, the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi and Kaieteur rolled into one!" Its only rival in sheer mass of water is the Khon Cataracts on the Mekong in Indo-China, which is estimated to have a mean annual volume of 400,000 cusecs, as against the 212,200 of Niagara and the mere 38,430 of Victoria.

Or shall we judge by the span of the fall? By that standard, Guayra in Brazil is nearly five times, and Iguazu in the same country nearly four times, as wide as either Niagara or Victoria. Or by height? In that case, the palm must go to the majestic Gersoppa of Mysore, which falls a sheer 829 feet—immensely more than the depth of any other celebrated waterfall. The Gersoppa Falls, at full flood, plunging from this great height, form "perhaps the most stupendous spectacle of the kind on earth." In their rage and fury, they tyrannise over the whole surrounding country. "At the height of the monsoon the whole forest country is a dripping, weltering wilderness, streamlets and threads of water become torrents, and roads are everywhere blocked up by floods and fallen trees.

Movement and business are suspended, and the inhabitants almost as much confined to their homesteads as Arctic dwellers by the polar winter." In sheer force, the



AN IMPRESSIVE FALL ON THE BRINK OF THE MAIN FALL AT PAULO AFFONSO, ON THE SAO FRANCISCO RIVER, IN BRAZIL—DESCRIBED BY MR. RASHLEIGH AS "THE MOST DIVERSE AND AWE-INSPIRING OF ALL THE WORLD'S GREAT CATARACTS."

A modest estimate of the volume of water going over Paulo Affonso Falls ranges from a minimum of 40,000 cubic feet per second to a maximum of 200,000 at flood time, with an average of 106,000. This gives it a volume second only to Guayra and Niagara, among the great falls of the world, if the Khon Cataracts on the Mekong are excepted.



FALL NO. 17 OF THE GUAYRA FALLS ON THE PARANA RIVER, BRAZIL—A VAST SERIES OF CATARACTS AND CASCADES WHOSE AVERAGE MEAN FLOW IS FAR MORE THAN DOUBLE THAT OF THE MEAN OF NIAGARA. Guayra, on the Parana River, contains no fewer than eighteen separate falls of immense force. The average mean force exceeds the combined mean volumes of Niagara, Paulo Affonso, the Iguazu Falls, the Grand Falls of Labrador, the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi and Kaieteur rolled into one! In span it is nearly four times as wide as either Niagara or Victoria Falls. (Reproductions from "Among the Waterfalls of the World"; by Courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Jarrolds.)

Gersoppa is, however, outrivalled by Paulo Affonso, which, owing to the narrowing of the river, acquires tremendous velocity, and by another cataract which would seem to be still but little known to travellers, but which rightly has special prominence in Mr. Rashleigh's pages.

We refer to the Aughrabies Falls on the Orange River, which Government enterprise might well open up to the public as one of the wonders of Africa, no less remarkable than the Victoria Falls. At present it is no small achievement to obtain the best view of it; in order to do so, Mr. Rashleigh had to swim part of a turbulent stream, at very considerable risk. His companions, who made films of the falls, had to perform the most daring aerobic feats. But every effort to approach this shy deity is, in Mr. Rashleigh's opinion, well rewarded. "It is the velocity and dense mass of the turgid brown column falling with a dull roar into this titanic and arid cleft that most impresses one at the first glance. The epithet 'awe-inspiring' has been much abused, but I can think of none better here. The fall" (450 feet, or three times the height of Niagara) "is not quite unbroken. At dead low water a huge pot-hole can be seen in the face of the rock some 150 feet down, but now the descending column, casting out spume and comet-like masses of amber foam as it thundered down, was sufficiently dense to conceal it, giving the whole the appearance of a single, mighty leap. From this concealed pit and from the pool far below, of which 140 feet of weighted line had failed to plumb the depth, clouds of white spray and tongues of swirling vapour were constantly shot aloft with amazing violence for 200 feet and more, cloaking the lower part of the fall. The Aughrabies is not beautiful like the Victoria Falls, but it is terribly and intensely impressive; and the whole effect is heightened by the savage aspect of the cañon itself, whose walls, scarred and riven and sheer, seem to have been cleft asunder by some appalling lightning-stroke." In flood, this great cataract can be second only to the "giants" of South America, and Mr. Rashleigh estimates its volume in spate at not less than half a million cusecs (probably half that of Guayra). But only one living man, we are told, has seen it in its wrath (in the great flood of 1925)—a farmer resident in the neighbourhood, who describes the scene as "one that only the gods could have depicted."

Mr. Rashleigh passes, with great thoroughness, from continent to continent, and discusses all the principal waterfalls of the world, besides many lesser ones which, without pretending to grandeur, have charms and distinctions of their own. (The present reviewer was glad, for example, to see mention of a waterfall in Australia which he has many times seen and admired. It is but a slender stream, but it can have few rivals in the world in one respect—it falls a sheer 3000 feet. It is called Govett's Leap.) Mr. Rashleigh writes for two types of readers. The technician will find in these pages an analysis of the great cataracts in terms of hydrodynamics. The "general" reader is offered a book of travel which is better written than most books of travel; it will take him all over the world, among "the sound of many waters"—waters whose very names are often a haunting kind of music in themselves.

Throughout, Mr. Rashleigh utters a note of warning. All over the world, lordly streams are being altered and diminished, for utilitarian purposes, out of all recognition. The case of Niagara is notorious, but not unique: more than a quarter of the volume of this world-wonder is now diverted for commercial purposes, the crest line of the Horseshoe Fall has been robbed of 400 feet by an artificial embankment, and the surroundings are no longer such as can be regarded with pleasure, or even with equanimity. One of the most famous falls of Norway, the Rjukanfoss, has now entirely disappeared before the demands of industry, and it will not be long before the same fate overtakes most of Norway's torrents. "The only signs of their former existence will . . . be thousands of enormous pipes disfiguring the hill-sides when the mournful example of the Rjukanfoss shall have been multiplied a hundred-fold." The once-famous Terni Falls of Italy have gone, and Scotland's Falls of Foyers, which Coleridge described as one of the five finest things in that country, are no more. It is true that material needs are sometimes irresistible—thus, nobody can complain because the Shoshone Falls had to be sacrificed in order

to turn great tracts of the Idaho desert into fertile land; but against less insistent claims than these it is constantly necessary to safeguard the world's most noble spectacles. In England, for instance, one has only to look at Thirlmere in a dry season to realise what inroads may be made upon rustic beauty by urban ruthlessness. C. K. A.

* "Among the Waterfalls of the World." By Edward C. Rashleigh. With eighty-four illustrations. (Jarrolds; 78s.)

THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD: GERSOPPA'S 829-FT. PLUNGE.



THE FOUR MAIN CASCADES OF THE GERSOPPA FALLS, IN SOUTHERN INDIA: THE FORCEFUL "RAJA," THE "ROARER," THE SCINTILLATING "ROCKET," AND THE WHITENESS OF "LA DAME BLANCHE'S" LACE-LIKE TRACERY. (L. TO R.)

Gersoppa Falls have the longest drop of any of the great waterfalls of the world—829 feet. This is rivalled only by the Kaieteur Falls, in British Guiana. Gersoppa Falls are on the Sharavati River, on the border of Mysore State. The names of the four falls seen in our photograph are (from left to right) "The

Raja," "The Roarer" (only partly visible from this angle), "The Rocket" (so called because the water falls on a jutting tongue of rock and throws off brilliant, sparkling, iridescent jets, suggesting a firework display), and "La Dame Blanche," named from the lacy whiteness of its network of tumbling rills.

THE GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION: THE "PAINTER IN THE LANDSKIP WAY."

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GAINSBOROUGH AS A LANDSCAPE AND SEA PAINTER: "A SHORE SCENE"—ONE OF THE WORKS IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF GAINSBOROUGH'S IN SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S PARK LANE HOUSE, IN AID OF THE ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL. (From the collection of the Duke of Westminster.)



"LANDSCAPE": A BATH PERIOD PICTURE BY GAINSBOROUGH, WHO THOUGHT OF HIMSELF AS "A PAINTER IN THE LANDSKIP WAY"; THOUGH NOW PROBABLY BEST KNOWN FOR HIS PORTRAITS. (Lent by Lord Jersey.)



"THE HARVEST WAGON"—PAINTED IN THE ARTIST'S BATH PERIOD: A FAVOURITE OUTDOOR SUBJECT OF GAINSBOROUGH'S; THE FIGURE CLIMBING ON THE WHEEL PROBABLY HIS OWN DAUGHTER. (From the collection of Lord Swaythling.)

THE Gainsborough Exhibition, which opens at 45, Park Lane, on Tuesday next, February 18, constitutes the finest display of the artist's works ever gathered together. It is being held in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, and it includes a number of pictures never seen before by the public. As can be seen from the illustrations on these pages, and in "A Page for Collectors," all the master's three great periods—the Ipswich, the Bath, and the London—are represented. With regard to the pictures seen on this page: "The Harvest Wagon" belongs to the painter's Bath period and was a favourite subject with him. There are actually three landscapes, almost identical, usually known by this name. The famous picture of Mr. and Mrs. Brown in a landscape belongs to Gains-

[Continued on right above.]



"LANDSCAPE": A GAINSBOROUGH SKETCH THAT IS OF GREAT INTEREST ON ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FLEXIBILITY OF THE IMPRESSIONISTIC TECHNIQUE.

(Lent by Sir Jervase Beckett.)



"MR. AND MRS. BROWN": A DELIGHTFUL PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH IN HIS EARLY IPSWICH MANNER; WITH A LANDSCAPE SHOWING SPIXWORTH PARK, NORFOLK, INFLUENCED IN STYLE BY WYNANTS. (Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.)

types, and one may feel that in this painting he has immortalised for all time the staunch, forthright, virile type of eighteenth-century English middle class. The picture is still at the Spitalfields brewery of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury and Buxton. The famous "Morning Walk" is an idealised portrait of Squire Hallet and his wife. Theophile Gautier said that when he saw it he felt "a strange retrospective sensation, so intense is the illusion it produces of the spirit of the eighteenth century." The portrait of Countess Spencer is interesting as showing the light, loose brushwork of Gainsborough's later period. It is said that, at that time, he worked with his colours so thin that they ran off his palette unless he held it perfectly level. The Duke of Buccleuch portrait gives evidence that, among other sublime accomplishments, Gainsborough had also a trivial, but endearing aptitude for painting dogs. The "Linley Children" portraits show the

[Continued opposite.]

THE GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION: THE ARTIST AS A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

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"SIR BENJAMIN TRUMAN": A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT IN WHICH GAINSBOROUGH HAS EMBODIED AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH TYPE. (Lent by Messrs. Truman, Hanbury and Buxton.)



"LADY IN A PARK": AN IDYLIC SCENE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S EARLY IPSWICH PERIOD; THE LANDSCAPE INFLUENCED BY WYNANTS. (Lent by Lord Brockel.)



"THE MORNING WALK": THE FAMOUS PICTURE OF MR. AND MRS. HALLET PAINTED IN 1785, THREE YEARS BEFORE GAINSBOROUGH DIED. (Lent by V. Rothschild, Esq.)



"JOHN CHRISTIAN BACH, ESQ." (SON OF THE GREAT JOHN BACH): A PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH OF A FRIEND WHO SHARED THE PAINTER'S PASSION FOR MUSIC. (Lent by Lady Hillingdon.)



"COUNTESS SPENCER": A PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH AND IN A STYLE CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS LATER YEARS, MARKED BY VERY FLEXIBLE BRUSHWORK. (Lent by Lord Spencer.)



"DAVID GARRICK": ONE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S MANY PORTRAITS OF THE FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ACTOR, OF WHOM HE WAS A CLOSE FRIEND. (Lent by Viscountess Swinton.)



"THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH": A FINE PORTRAIT, WHICH ALSO SHOWS GAINSBOROUGH AS AN ACCOMPLISHED PAINTER OF DOGS. (Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.)



"THE LINLEY CHILDREN": A FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF THE GIRL WHO AFTERWARDS BECAME MRS. SHERIDAN, AND OF HER BROTHER, WHO DIED YOUNG. (Lent by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.)



"SIR JOHN SKYNNER": ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE WONDERFUL LIGHT BRUSHWORK THAT DISTINGUISHES THE LATER PERIOD OF GAINSBOROUGH'S LIFE. (Lent by the Society of Lincoln's Inn.)

Continued.] girl who afterwards became a famous singer, and the wife of Sheridan, and her brother, a child whom Mozart believed to have a great future as a musician, but who died young. Their father was Thomas Linley, professor of Music at Bath.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS. (See Pages 292 and 293.)

IT is no bad test of the quality of a painter—or, indeed, of any other artist—when one can return to him time after time and discover new beauties. Second-raters, however competent, soon exhaust our interest: they can be pleasant companions enough, but they do not tempt us to stay up beyond our usual bedtime. Of all that brilliant little group of English eighteenth-century painters, it is, I suggest, Gainsborough alone who is really capable of making us forget the passage of time. It is partly that marvellous fluid brush-stroke of his and his superlative craftsmanship, partly the essential integrity of his professional attitude to the world about him, but mainly because this successful and brilliant portrait-painter was at heart a poet, the spiritual father of Constable rather than of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Most people think of him as a portrait-painter; he thought of himself as a "painter in the landscape way." He did portraits for money—landscapes for love—and yet translated his intense and passionate feeling for the beauties of the English countryside into a not less sensitive understanding of the human animal.

As to his integrity as an artist, I take leave to quote his own words in a letter to his friend Jackson, of Exeter: "D— gentlemen, there is not such a set of enemies to a real artist in the world as they are if not kept at a proper distance. They think (and so may you for a while) that they reward your merit by their Company and notice; but I, who blow away all the chaff, and, by G—, in their eyes too if they don't stand clear, know that they have

but one part worth looking at, and that is their Purse; their hearts are seldom near enough the right place to get a sight of it. If any gentleman come to my house my man asks them if they want me (provided they don't seem satisfied with seeing the pictures), and then he asks *what* they would please to want with me; if they say a picture, Sir, please to walk this way and my master will speak to you; but if they only want me to bow and compliment—Sir, my master is walked out—and so, my dear, there I nick them." This was written in 1767 at Bath, and it was in some such mood, I think, that he painted the "Captain Wade" in the National Gallery (exhibited at the Academy of 1771)—the complete coxcomb! Here is the professional R.A. doing his job—but how marked the difference when he is faced with a sympathetic subject!

All this by way of preface to a show

on intimate terms with Gainsborough. When she came to London and sang at Drury Lane, Miss Fanny Burney wrote in her diary: "The whole town seems distracted about her. Every other diversion is



"THE CHARTER HOUSE": A VERY EARLY PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH—EXECUTED IN 1748, WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-ONE (OR EVEN BEFORE)—TO BE SEEN IN THE GREAT LOAN EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS AT 45, PARK LANE.

(Lent by the Foundling Hospital.)

which places lovers of art once again in the debt of Sir Philip Sassoon, whose house at 45, Park Lane, will, from Tuesday next, Feb. 18, be hung with more than fifty of the finest Gainsboroughs in existence. The Exhibition is on behalf of the Royal Northern Hospital, of which Sir Philip is Chairman, and readers of this page will need no reminder that an exhibition staged in this house and under these auspices is something they must go to see.

I would invite visitors to contrast the slick and brilliant "Captain Wade" in Trafalgar Square with the incomparably tender painting of Miss Linley and her brother which has come over from America for the occasion (it was once at Knoles), or with the not less lovely portrait of the same young woman after she became Mrs. Sheridan. Her father, Thomas Linley, was a professor of music at Bath and

forsaken; Miss Linley alone engrosses all eyes, ears, hearts."

The influences which shaped his style are fairly obvious—everyone agrees that there is something of the Dutch painter, Wynants, in his early landscapes (among which Sir Philip Sassoon's picture is such a superb example), and that after his move to Bath he came into contact with both Rubens and Vandyke, many of whose works were to be seen in the great houses of the neighbourhood, but no one, so far as I know, has suggested that he owed anything to Fragonard. Certainly the researches of a generation of critics have failed to produce a shred of evidence that he ever went to France; none the less, I find it impossible to look at the landscapes he painted towards the end of his life without feeling that their extreme delicacy, combined with an incomparable sense of movement, can have been achieved without some acquaintance with the pictures of his contemporary across the Channel. At the worst, this idea of mine is a reprehensible heresy to be condemned by all right-thinking people; but even if you disagree with me on this point, you will have to admit that Gainsborough is to be compared with a master of this calibre rather than with his English contemporaries. Reynolds, for all his ability, is a pedant by the side of this cantankerous, independent, plain-speaking rival; Sir Joshua, as it were, writes admirable heroic couplets, while Gainsborough dreams of verses in the manner of the young Wordsworth. Perhaps that is partly why, in spite of ourselves, we admire this young man from Sudbury so much: he gives to quite ordinary themes something of his own distinction. No, he is not profound, because not many lyric poets are profound; but he is an incurable romantic, and retains to his very last breath the enchantment of those early days when he wandered round the fields and woods of his native Suffolk.



"THE MARSHAM CHILDREN": AN EXAMPLE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S STYLE AT THE END OF HIS LIFE (PAINTED IN 1787), AND ONE OF HIS MANY BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF CHILDREN—A WORK IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION IN PARK LANE.

(Lent by V. Rothschild, Esq.)

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



REMARKABLE FEATURES OF THE HUMBLE "MONKEY-NUT."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE of the greatest mysteries of the world we live in seems, all too rarely, to make no impression on our minds. And this is the mystery of "Life," and the bewildering manifestations it presents, not merely in the matter of the form it takes, but also of its "behaviour." And this is no less varied, for no two organisms re-act alike to the stimuli which set its particles in vibration. Those who find delight in these themes are by no means those only who are trained biologists, for they include all who, in varying degrees of "awareness," find an indefinable fascination in the study of animated Nature, though that study may be confined to some small group of plants, or animals.

But in this matter of "behaviour" there is, all too commonly, a habit of confining the term to birds and beasts, and to ignore the fact that the more lowly members of the animal kingdom, as well as the plants, also present problems for concentrated thought in this regard. And great good comes from the study of the reactions which plants make to the conditions of existence, for in these "conscious" behaviour has no part. Even among the highest animals, including Man, it has become largely automatic. Were it not so life would indeed be burdensome.

My thoughts were turned to this theme of behaviour by some questions put to me the other day concerning—"monkey-nuts"! It is a rather surprising reflection, but it is true that if the plant which produces "monkey-nuts" did not "behave" in a certain way at one critical period of its life,

strange. For, as the flowers fade and the "setting" of the seed commences, the flower-stalks bend downwards till the developing ovaries touch the ground, and finally force their way into it for a depth of several inches. Here the ripening of the seed takes

quiescent till damp weather brings about the uncoiling of the spiral, and this drives the sharp-pointed end of the seed into the ground. Whether the turning-down of the flower-stalks of the "monkey-nut" plant is due to humidity, or to that mysterious factor called "geotropism," which causes living bodies of many types to seek the ground, is apparently not known, and invites experiment. But here again, as always, we find that living organisms "choose," so to speak, their own methods for securing the survival of the race. In other words, they react differently under similar external conditions.

Something must now be said as touching the causes which have led to the vast extension of the range of *Arachis hypogea*, since it has spread, by the agency of man, from the Brazilian forests over all the rest of the world where the climate is suited to its growth. Though held in small esteem in this country as food, in many parts of the world this is by no means the case. In the United States they are eaten as we eat almonds or Brazil nuts, as well as roasted, and in many parts of the tropics they are extensively used as food. They are finely ground to form "pea-nut butter," and pea-nut "candies," and they are also salted like salted almonds. One bushel of nuts yields about 12 lb. of "butter."

But it is chiefly for the sake of the oil they yield that they are so extensively cultivated, for this oil is of high quality and is sometimes used in place of salad oil, as fish or curry-oil, or for lamps, as well as for making soap and oleomargarine. The nuts contain from 30 to 50 per cent. of oil. "Pea-nut meal" is the product left after pressing the oil from the seeds, and is valuable food for stock. There are two distinct types of this plant. One is distinguished by its trailing habit of growth, producing flowers and seeds along runners, as well as from the root-stock. This type is commonly grown in Mauritius. The other is more erect, and the nuts are produced almost entirely from the base of the plant.

In some parts of the world it is often planted for green manure, while the leaves and stems are also used for cattle, the leaves having the nutritive qualities of clover, a plant of the same tribe.



"PEA-NUTS" (OR "MONKEY-NUTS"), WHICH FORM AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE OF DIET IN MANY LANDS, THOUGH, IN THIS COUNTRY, ONLY HELD WORTHY OF DISTRIBUTION AT THE "ZOO"!—THE NUTS IN THEIR SHELLS, WHICH ARE "PLANTED" IN THE GROUND BY THE PARENT PLANT IN A MOST REMARKABLE WAY. Pea-nuts in this country are generally only regarded as suitable for distribution at the "Zoo." They are, however, grown extensively by the natives of hot countries for food; and even more extensively for the oil which is pressed from them and used for lamps, in soap-making, and in the manufacture of margarine. It is commonly supposed that pea-nuts grow underground, like potatoes; but, in fact, they are introduced into the ground by the bending down of the ripening flower-stalks.

place within the familiar wrinkled shell which answers to the pod of our garden pea!

Why do the flower-stems "behave" after this surprising fashion? We find a parallel in the hygroscopic seeds of the "Feather-grass" (*Stipa pennata*). The "glume" containing the seed bears a long, spear-like shaft, terminating in a very long, delicate, feather-like plume. When ripe, the seed, enclosed within its glumes, becomes detached, and is borne away by the wind. As it comes to rest the part containing the seed with its feather-like attachment, being heaviest, strikes the ground first, and since the seed is pointed may be driven directly for a short distance into the ground. But even should it fall obliquely the waving of the long plume will twist the seed downwards. When once the point has penetrated the soil the burial of the rest soon follows, owing to a very remarkable mechanism, formed by stiff hairs investing the seed. As these press against the particles of earth above they act as levers, forcing the seed downwards by the thrust furnished by the waving plume. The wind, indeed, is an important factor in this driving action. But there is a further driving force in this burial operation. The spear-like attachment intervening between the seed and the feathery plume is very hygroscopic. Having a closely coiled spiral shaft it twists up in dry air, and contracts in damp weather, and these movements add to the driving power, till the whole seed is underground.

The seeds of the Stork's-bill (*Erodium cicutarium*) get planted after a like fashion. The "seed-pod" splits up, leaving the seeds attached to the long style forming the "stork's bill" by a slender stalk, which becomes spirally twisted. When the seed falls to the ground it lies



3. PLANTS WHICH DEVELOP REMARKABLE "MECHANISMS" TO ENABLE THEIR SEEDS TO BORE INTO THE GROUND: THE FEATHER-BEARING SEEDS OF THE FEATHER-GRASS, WITH A JAVELIN-LIKE STALK BETWEEN THE SEED AND THE LONG PLUME (LEFT); AND THE SEEDS OF THE STORK'S-BILL, WITH SPIRAL "CORKSCREWS" WHICH, WORKING UNDER CHANGES OF ATMOSPHERIC HUMIDITY, DRIVE THE SEEDS UNDERGROUND.



2. A "MONKEY-NUT" (OR "GROUND-NUT") PLANT; SHOWING THE NUTS INTRODUCED INTO THE GROUND BY THE FLOWER-STALKS, WHERE THEY LIE BURIED AND RIPEN; AND THE LEAVES AND FLOWERS RESEMBLING THOSE OF THE PEA.

a great and widespread industry and very valuable source of food would never have come into being. But let me tell my story from the beginning. The "monkey-nut," "pig-nut," "pea-nut," or "earth-nut," as it is severally called, is the "fruit," or seed of *Arachis hypogea*, one of the Leguminosae, the pea and bean tribe, of South America, where, from time immemorial it has formed a valuable source of food for the natives. To-day it is extensively cultivated in hot countries all over the world. It seems to thrive best in a sandy soil, but will also grow in clay. But the shells from plants in the sandy soil are brighter, and hence, for trade purposes, are more esteemed. Who first discovered the merits of this plant is not known, but it has been cultivated in the Old World for at least six centuries.

Since these "nuts," or "pods," as they really are, are dug up from the soil, it is commonly supposed that they grow, like potatoes, from underground stems. But as a matter of fact they do nothing of the kind, and their true nature is indeed



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Against Irritation...Against Cough*



FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE VIGILANT INVESTOR.

THIS business of choosing and holding securities has been most enormously complicated by the change in investment habit which has happened in the last quarter of a century. In the simple, solid old Victorian days, anyone who saved money and wanted to put it away safely where it could "earn its keep" had no need to look further than the three per cent. Consols, which then were not only the corner-stone but most of the fabric of a well-built and respectable investment edifice. The price, during the latter half of the last century, varied within narrow limits—surprisingly narrow, in view of the panics and alarms that marked the financial history of the period—and at the end of it gladdened the hearts of its supporters by rising to an unprecedented height. With an income tax measured in pence, no super-tax, and negligible death duties, taxation in those times was low, though we thought it extortionate at the time; and the price level and the cost of living were moderate and comparatively steady. Everything thus helped to make the prudent investor who favoured "the Funds" feel secure, and as well satisfied as is allowed by the perpetual craving of human nature for just a little more of everything.

But the present iconoclastic century, which has shattered so many ideals, has toppled the Government securities idol off its pedestal with a crash, and Consols are now a gambling counter. In 1935, a year in which we had abnormally cheap money, rising prosperity in most branches of industry, a Government commanding the confidence of business, and all the other indications of comfort that marked the fine recovery of the period, the spread between the highest and lowest points touched by this now mercurial security was no less than 14 points, from 94-odd down to 80; and at the end of the year the price was just half-way between these two figures. In 1866, the year in which the Overend-Gurney failure produced "Black Friday" and probably the worst crisis that ever shattered the nerves of the City, the Consols of those days fluctuated between 90½ and 84½—six points in that year of appalling panic, compared with more than 14 points in a time of smiling recovery and progress and all the cheerful blessings that we enjoyed last year. Small wonder that investors, especially if their memories go back to the still more devastating experiences of the war period, have gone into other fields in their search for security for their capital.

THE PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.

It is natural enough that they should do so, but few of them, probably, have fully understood how much more difficult the task of investment becomes when once they wander outside the pale that bounds the so-called "gilt-edged" market. Within that pale, though prices might, as has been shown, jump up and down with disconcerting giddiness, it was at least fairly safe to expect confidently that the interest due would be punctually forthcoming. That the investing public can improve its income and its capital's value by a successful incursion into the

fields where industrial and commercial securities are found has been shown by practical investigations of past records, and is obviously clear to anyone who will study the course of prices, profits, and dividends. But the success necessary to achieve such results can only be acquired by those who possess, or can command, highly expert knowledge, or may happen to be blessed with an abnormal share of good luck; and, if success is difficult, mistakes are disastrous.

Many experiences show that in ordinary shares in any kind of business venture—except, perhaps, in public utility companies enjoying a monopoly, and so in a class by themselves—an element of risk is involved that can only be guarded against by the exercise of ceaseless vigilance, with information behind it such as is possessed by only a tiny minority

to exceed its revenue to a point that will endanger the payment of the interest on the National Debt. (Incidentally, it may be remembered that in 1913 any German would have been justified in being equally confident about the interest on the German or Prussian debt.) But when we look into the list of business ventures, who can name any about which it is possible to assert with certainty that nothing can ever happen which can seriously impair its earning power? New inventions, such as the motor, which has made so much difference to the railways, changes of fashion in food and drink, clothing and amusement, may upset the earning power of the best-managed company; and even when, as in the case of the great catering stores, the variety of products sold to the general public is great enough to protect enterprise against changes in demand, deterioration in management may reduce divisible profits in a manner highly inconvenient to shareholders.

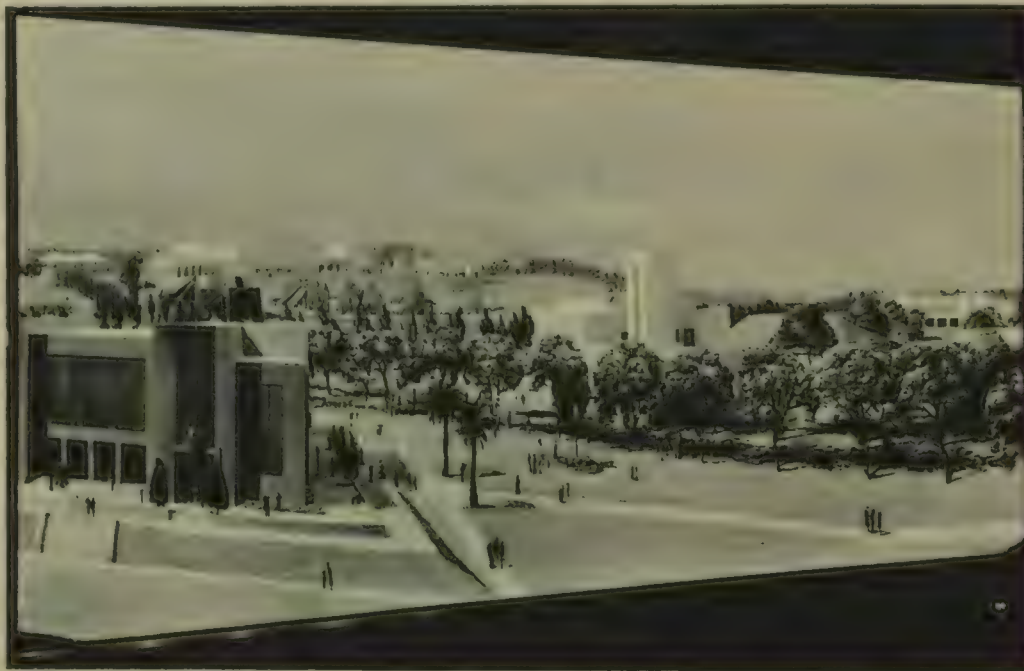
THE WATCHFUL EYE.

For these reasons, those who take charge of the investments of the public have to be gifted in these times with all the hundred eyes of Argus in order to keep pace with all the influences that may affect earning power. Not only must the accounts of individual companies be studied—and anyone who has ever tried to unravel the mysteries of balance-sheets and profit and loss accounts knows how many pitfalls these exhibitions spread before the feet of the unwary. From these documents, giving hazy indications of the position of the company, usually on some date some time before publication, only a glimmer of light can be got concerning the present outlook and future prospects. To make intelligent forecasts about them it is necessary to have inside knowledge of the condition of the various industries, the sources of supply of the materials with which they work, the amount of stocks in hand, the degree and progress of competition, and the probabilities of anticipated demand on the part of the consuming public. And besides all this, it is necessary for anyone who tries to peer into the future of a company to know a good deal about what is by far the most important item in its equipment—namely, the integrity and intelligence of its directors and the energy and ability of its managers. On these points, that make so much difference to success or failure, balance-sheets and printed records tell

one nothing. What is commonly called market instinct or *flair*, which so often seems to jump to unwarranted conclusions and yet so often proves to be right, is based on the mass of accumulated knowledge and traditional intuition about these imponderable influences that work so mysteriously and sometimes upset calculations founded on elaborate systems of charts and graphs and statistics. Inside knowledge is often said to be a dangerous thing, as it certainly is unless it is accurate and trustworthy; but without it, the possibilities of error are enormous. And when the vigilant eye has looked through all these telescopes and microscopes, it has to go on to general considerations of financial weather, of a kind that will have to be dealt with next week.



THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION TO BE HELD IN SOUTH AFRICA FROM SEPTEMBER 1936 TO JANUARY 1937: A STRIKING DIORAMA SHOWN IN A WINDOW OF SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DIORAMA REPRESENTING THE SOUTH AFRICA EMPIRE EXHIBITION: AN EXHIBIT TO BE SEEN IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR, WHICH OPENS AT OLYMPIA ON FEBRUARY 17.

The Empire Exhibition to be held in South Africa from September 15, 1936, to January 15, 1937, will coincide with the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Johannesburg. It will be the first such exhibition to be held overseas, and the first Empire Exhibition since Wembley, which it will rival in magnitude and importance.

of private investors. By means of distribution of risk—the division of one's investments among a large number of securities—it is possible to diminish this risk considerably, with the help of the law of average. But even the most widely distributed portfolio, unless its contents have been carefully selected and are closely watched, may turn out to have been only a method of acquiring losses in many different fields.

What gives value to every kind of investment is the income or earning power, to a share in which it gives its holders a claim. The earning power behind British Government securities is the taxable capacity of the United Kingdom; and most of us believe that, whatever Government may be in power, the expenditure of the country will never be allowed

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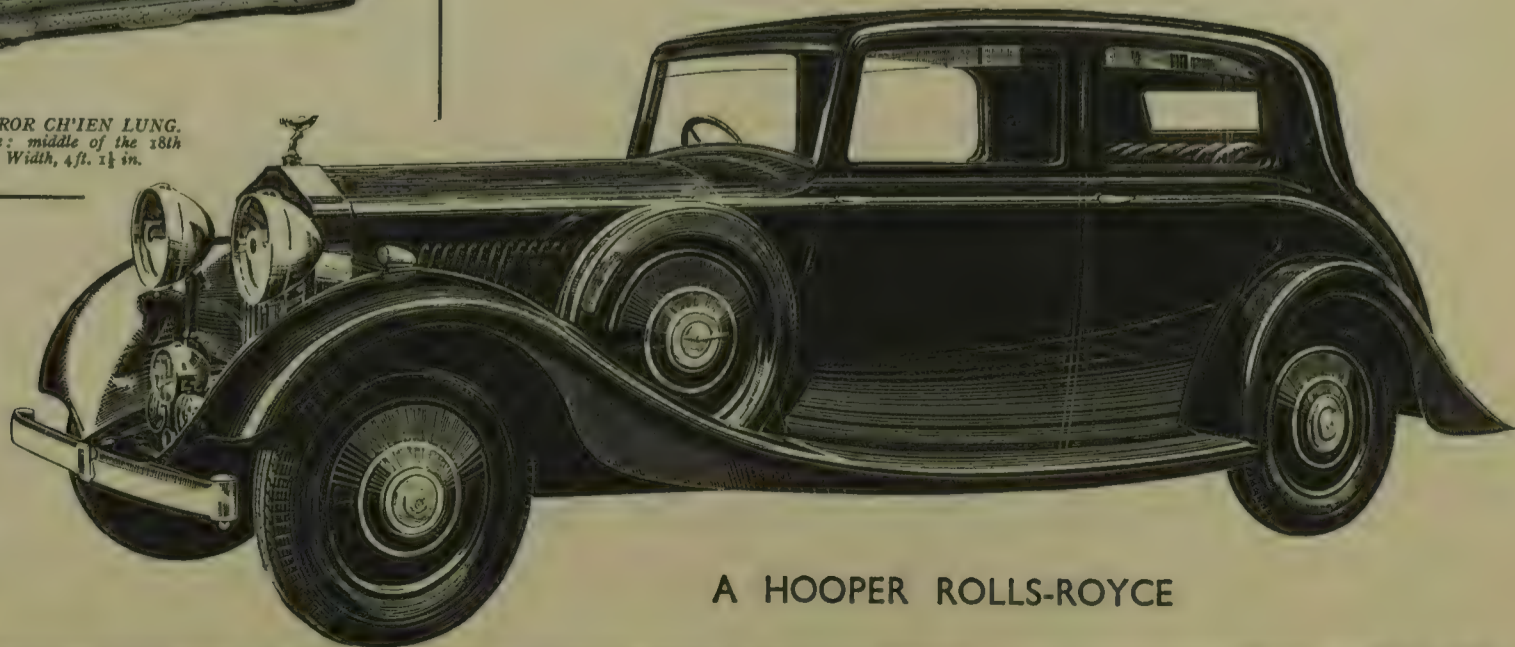
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THRONE OF THE EMPEROR CH'EN LUNG.
Carved red lacquer. Chinese; middle of the 18th
Century. Height, 3 ft. 11 in. Width, 4 ft. 1 1/2 in.
Victoria & Albert Museum.



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

FOLLOWING the death of King George V. and the general mourning for a beloved Sovereign, many people are arranging motor tours in place of giving house-parties. Furthermore, the great popularity of King Edward VIII. has brought many visitors from abroad to England, anxious to catch a glimpse of the new ruler of the British Empire. The demand for motor-cars for short periods has been increased, and the great organising firm of Daimler Hire, Ltd., is supplying cars with drivers for both town and touring in larger numbers than usual at this season of the year. Commander St. John and his tactful staff told me recently that American and other visitors to the United Kingdom preferred to hire Daimler cars for their visit rather than bring their own vehicles with them, both on account of convenience and actual economy. Further, this Daimler Hire organisation provides carriages in which family parties can find plenty of comfortable seating room for themselves and carry all the luggage required for four, five, or even seven persons on the car. The great comfort of their cars' coachwork and their silent, smooth-running power units have built up this business from a local to a world-wide fame. Selected automobile tours in Great Britain are contained in an interesting book published by Daimler Hire, at 243, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.7, which gives particulars and details of "seeing England" in the time at one's disposal. Whether for a one day or a three months' tour, the reader discovers that this guide to Great Britain's interesting places gives suggestions as to where best to travel and the most picturesque route. Although I have personally tried seeing England by balloon, aeroplane, and railway, I can truthfully proclaim it is only by motoring that one can

really see the best of English scenery, with all its quaint and interesting places.

In answer to several correspondents, I can assure them that the 1936 M.G. two-litre Sports saloons are really comfortable touring carriages, and that the seats are not cramped nor the head-room inadequate, as they appear to imagine is the case with a "Sports" car. With these cars, while one can crawl at about 6 miles an hour on top gear, by using the easy-changing gear-box you can accelerate to 70 miles an hour in well under 60 secs. "Sports" is the term now used (rightly or wrongly) for high-class efficiency engines and the cars fitted with them. Of course, the ordinary owner of one of these



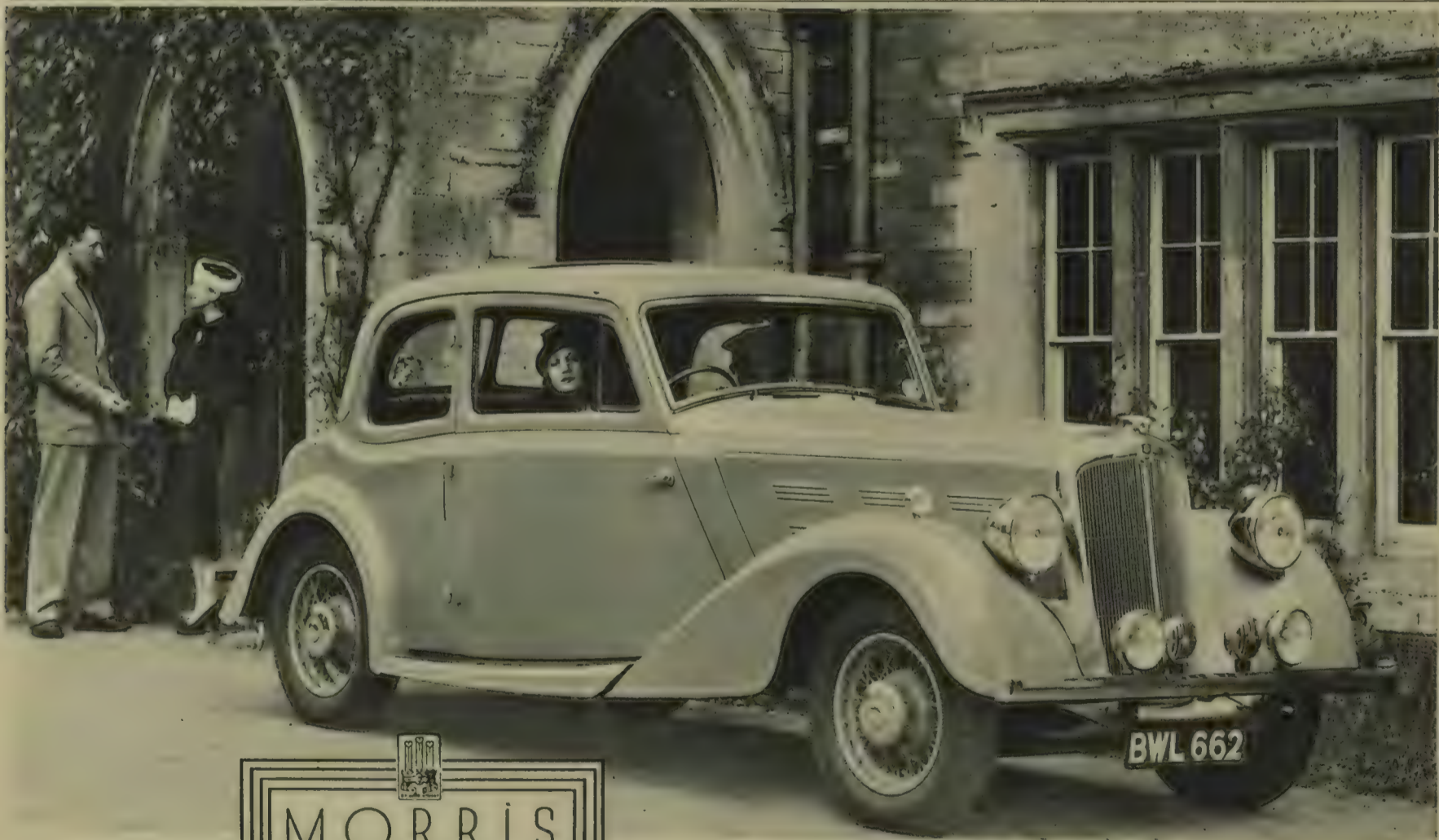
MOTURING TO PROFIT BY WINTER SUNSHINE: AN M.G. 12-H.P. "MAGNETTE" (STANDARD TWO-SEATER MODEL) PHOTOGRAPHED BELOW DOVER CASTLE.



EXPLORING THE HARDY COUNTRY BY CAR: A FINE THREE-AND-A-HALF LITRE BENTLEY NEAR ABBOTSBURY, ON THE DORSET COAST.

excellent M.G. Sports saloons does not attempt these spectacular "off the mark" starts, but drives the car in a proper and polite manner, gliding off as quietly and unostentatiously as any other decent-minded motorist. But you do have that turn of speed, together with very powerful brakes, for use when required. I have no hesitation in stating that my correspondents will find that the new 1936 M.G. cars are as comfortable as any other closed cars at the price, with the addition of a high-efficiency economical motor thrown in without extra charge. Hence their better value for the money. As for easy driving, they are as docile as a well-trained circus horse at Olympia, so that drivers of either sex can handle them comfortably. I feel rather keen on this make of automobile because it has been wrongly supposed to be a car only for extreme youth. It is now as suitable for the middle-aged driver as for the "lad of the village." Much of this misapprehension is due to the fact that for several years M.G. cars have taken a successful part in many races. This firm now build touring cars more

(Continued overleaf.)






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a fitting phrase for Holt's Mountain Cream Scotch Whisky. Manufactured under ideal conditions in the heart of the Glenlivet district, every sip of this mellow golden liquid recalls the grandeur; the freedom; the fragrance of the mountains from which it derives its name. Years of maturing in freshly emptied sherry casks; malted barley, yeast, and the clear, cool spring waters of the Scottish Highlands give Holt's Mountain Cream Whisky a flavour all its own: a flavour you'll like!

Holt's
Mountain Cream
'tis still the best distilled **Scotch Whisky**

W. H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED - - Aberlour-Glenlivet Distillery
ABERLOUR, SCOTLAND

(Continued.)

efficiently because of the high test racing gives to every motor-vehicle.

Enhanced second-hand values will be one of the main results of a device—the B.W.P. variable level oil intake—which is being fitted to all Super-Six Wolseley cars. Like most important inventions, this one is simplicity itself. It is located adjacent to the oil pump and floats on the oil, with the intake always just below top level. It is a very simple matter to demonstrate that oil, water, and solids settle into three well-defined layers, with the solids lowest. Therefore, with an intake placed near the bottom of the crank-case, as in usual practice, solid particles must be drawn into the lubrication system first and circulated round the engine in the form of an abrasive rather than a lubricant. The result is wear on all the moving parts and, eventually, an engine which loses power, rattles, and is expensive on oil and petrol—all of which dissatisfy the owner and detract from the value of a car in the second-hand market. The variable level intake does much to eliminate these troubles and to provide silent and economical motoring for longer periods.

As a proof that advertising pays, Wakefields announced recently that, with the introduction of Patent Castrol lubricating oil last March, followed by their greatest expenditure on advertising in the Press, the 1935 sales were the largest of any year

in their history. But while we are all agreed on the truth of that statement, it should be remembered that it is only because the goods are right that such sales are maintained. Advertising "leads the horse

chemists and blenders of this famous lubricant deserve equal recognition. Lubrication of the present high-efficiency motor-carriage is not a simple matter, and most of the users of private cars are rather apt to take this part of the system for granted, without bothering how it is achieved. To-day the average owner-driver, if he keeps the oil sump properly supplied, seldom has any trouble with the engine. It is usually clutch, rear axle, gearbox or universal joints which suffer from inattention to proper renewal of oil. Squeaking springs announce their "pain" a trifle late to prevent some unnecessary wear, and so do doors and window lifts. But as Wakefields have proper service stations in practically every village and town in Great Britain, my advice to the owner-driver is to make a habit of letting his car be properly "oiled up" once a month (or weekly, if he can afford it) by expert men who do not miss the places difficult to get at, as often happens in the ordinary garage.



AN AIR SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND SWEDEN: THE BRITISH CONTINENTAL AIRWAYS LINER "ST. GEORGE" LEAVING CROYDON ON THE INAUGURAL FLIGHT.

The de Havilland express air-liner "St. George," of British Continental Airways, left Croydon on February 7 to inaugurate a new air service to Sweden. For the present there will be two services weekly in each direction. It is stated that a daily Scandinavian air service is to come, the machines operating between Heston and Malmö, with intermediate calls at Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Copenhagen.

to the water," the quality of the goods alone keeps him a "drinker," or, rather, a continued customer. And while everybody will pay due tribute to Mr. Watson, of Wakefields, for his excellent and successful publicity campaign, I think that the

Benares, the Holy Mountain Satrunjaya, and Udaipur reproduced in our Indian Number of Nov. 16 last, were taken by Dr. Alfred Nawrath, author of that notable photographic work, "The Glories of Hindustan" (Methuen).

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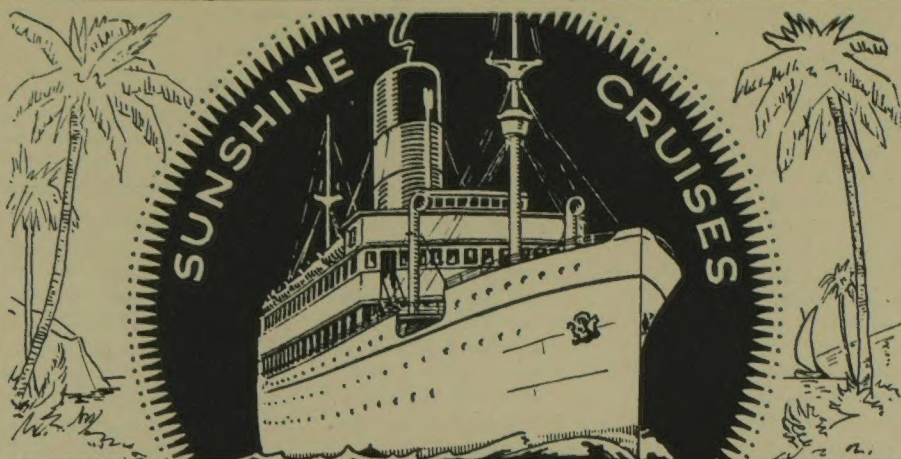
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18 days from 24 gns.

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from LIVERPOOL to CEUTA (for Tetuan), VILLEFRANCHE (for Monte Carlo, Nice, etc.), BARCELONA, PALMA (Mallorca), LISBON
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THE NEW REFERENCE BOOKS.

"KELLY'S Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, 1936," is as thorough and, consequently, as necessary as ever. It is priced at £2. The chief feature is, of course, the alphabetical list of biographies, which, though brief, contain everything that it is essential to know about those whose names appear in its pages. Hostesses will discover tables which solve for them knotty problems of precedence, besides formal modes of address, the occasions when orders and decorations should be worn, and the names of the staff of the various Embassies and Legations in London; the hunting man will find a great deal of useful information about all the Foxhounds and Stag-hounds in the British Isles; while the social value of the guide is increased by the fact that not only does it contain accounts of all persons with titles, but many landowners and County Justices of the Peace as well.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book and Court and Parliamentary Guide," of which the 1936 edition is now to be obtained, at the price of 7s. 6d., is a publication which will prove of the greatest utility to all who make their residence in London. This book, which has been issued for over a hundred years, gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the Western districts of London. In addition to this,

much useful information is given with regard to the Royal Households, the Ministry, the Houses of Parliament, and Government Offices; and there is also a list of golf clubs and a special theatre supplement, with seating plans. The West End of London has good claim to be the social hub of the world, and for those who would know its "geography" no better guide could be found than this "Blue Book."

"Kelly's Post Office London Directory"—the 137th edition—is now ready. It is priced at 55s., post free, and, needless to say, it is very well worth the money. Comprised in it, among other information, are sections divided into Official, Streets, Law, Private Residents, Parliamentary, Postal, Municipal, Clerical, Transport, to name a selection of headings, and there are also Banking, Commercial, and Trade sections. In conjunction with the directory, mention must also be made of the same firm's invaluable Post Office Directory Map of London, divided into four sections—North-Western, South-Western, North-Eastern, and South-Eastern.

We have received from the Union Castle Steamship Company a copy of their admirable "South and East African Year Book and Guide for 1936" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.; 3s. 6d., post free). Space does not permit of our detailing at length the many features which make this work invaluable to all who are in any way interested in South Africa. Suffice it to say that 1935 has been a good year; as

far back as April the Union Board of Trade and Industries stated that a complete recovery had taken place in both branches from the depression prevailing over recent years. At the same time the Coalition of the main political parties within the Union in 1933, foreshadowing, it may be hoped, the eventual disappearance of racial antagonism, and generally regarded as the most important event in South Africa for thirty years, has continued to function successfully. Work on the Vaal-Hartz Development Scheme commenced in 1935, and this great irrigation project, the largest in the Southern Hemisphere, is fully described in the Year Book. In addition to information on the economic life of the Union, the Year Book contains a comprehensive Desk Section, with details of postal and telegraph regulations, licences and stamps, income taxes, Government officials, and all similar matters; an immense amount of information for the tourist and the motorist; and a complete Atlas of the regions dealt with, printed clearly in colours.

We much regret that in our issue of Feb. 1, on page 220, we wrote, by a slip, that "a salute of seventy minute guns was fired from the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle by the 4th-7th Dragoon Guards." Actually the salute was fired by the 10th Light Battery (1st Light Brigade, Royal Artillery). Another detachment of the same Battery fired the salute from Stirling Castle.

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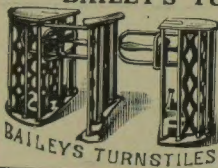
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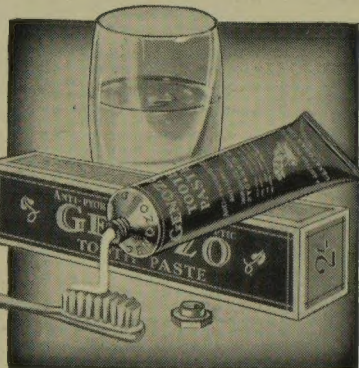
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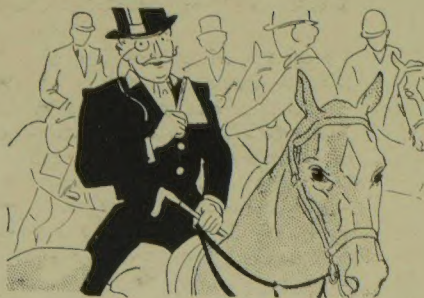
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